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DISCIPLINE
OF
EARTH AND TIME
FOR

Freedom and Immortality.

FOUR BOOKS OF AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

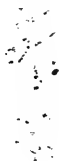
BOSTON.

1854.

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P R E F A C E .

WHEN this work, begun several years ago in the shades of a great forest, was assuming its form, and without forecasted plan, developed itself, as the trains of thought, following the gradual processes of Nature, grew out of the revolving year, it could not have been foreseen that the march of the Slave-despotism in our country would have been so steady, so remorseless, and so rapid.

This horrid and monstrous shape sits like a night-hag on the otherwise radiant and joyous prospect of our destiny. Like hell's portress, snuffing with delight the smell of mortal change on earth, this genius of Slav-

ery, filthy, dread, and vast, looks forth with scent of carnage.

“So scented the grim Feature, and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing and dominion given me large
Beyond this deep ; whatever draws me on
Or sympathy, or some eonnatural force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
Inseparable, must with me along,
For DEATH from SIN no power can separate.”

The death of our Liberty, our moral and national life, is inseparable from the supremacy of this idol-sin of Slavery, which men are driving like a Juggernaut through the land, while a mysterious force of degradation impels multitudes to throw themselves beneath its wheels, and others shout at its progress, and lay hold of the chains to drag it forward. The worship of this Dagon, this Moloch, is enforced at the point of the bayonet; our laws for personal freedom are

struck down and silenced; and the citizens of old Massachusetts permit their own courthouse to be occupied with soldiers, over-awing the processes of justice, to ensure the execution of the law of slavery; while they quietly suffer the mandate of their own Chief Justice, under which they could legally have resisted all this violence, to be contemned, disregarded, disobeyed, there not being moral power enough, moral resolution, to compel their own Governor to respect their own laws! Between laws where they had their choice, they have rejected and broken the just, and chosen the unjust; trampled on their own sovereign and righteous State-law, as old as the earliest life of the free State, and set above it the new and unjust law, which, by their own powers as ordained of God, they might have rendered powerless and void. In the history of the world there never was a more shameless, needless, degraded, and degrading sacrifice of liberty.

In such occurrences as these may be found

one of the reasons which have induced the separate publication of four books of an unfinished Poem. These four have a degree of unity in themselves, even disjointed from the rest of the work, and therefore they are published. If they should have any influence, the present is the appropriate time for its exercise, be the circle of minds ever so small that may be interested. If the author had the power, he would help infuse into the very life-blood of our literature an undying and energetic hatred and disgust of slavery, and a loathing and contempt of the treachery and meanness of those who choose it for their god, and sacrifice upon its altar. Theirs is a true apostolical succession from the rabble of Jews, who demanded the murderer Barabbas as their Saviour, and crucified Christ.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Divine wisdom in the frame and adornment of this globe for man's habitation.—Verdure, colors, forms, processes, and powers, a mental and imaginative discipline.—Sublimity of mountain scenery.—Sunset and sunrise among the mountains.—The scenery of Switzerland a moral gift to the world.—Change of the scene to a primeval forest.—Various effects of sun and shade, from morn to eve.—The forest sunrise and sunset.—Nature's call to prayer.—Advancement of the season into Autumn.—My Father is the Husbandman.—A rainy day and night succeeded by a clear sunrising.—Noon in the forest, with the light dappled and chequered by the flying clouds.—God and Heaven seen through the Word, by the Spirit.—Moral and spiritual teachings of the volume of Nature.—Clearness of Faith, and blindness of Sense.

B O O K I I.

WITH what design and wisdom manifold,
Th' Almighty Maker, when he threw the worlds,
Flaming, into the bosom of the deep,
Tempered this earth to educate our senses,
And form them a refinement for our souls !
The eye looks forth on beauty, and the ear
Conveys melodious voices from the sea,
The sky, the air, the birds upon the wing,
The thunder-rolling clouds, the cataracts,
The whispering rills, the brooks, the mighty wind,
Sweeping the forest as a living harp,
Of many sounding chords. The fragrant breath
Of Nature breathes the balmiest rich perfumes,
And the light falls in soft prismatic showers.
In grateful garniture of green, the vales,
Meadows, and mountain slopes, and grassy downs,
Successive rise, and spread, with pleasing change,
Their undulating acres to the sun,
Threaded with winding banks of crystal streams,
Blossom-enamelled, and thick strewn with flowers.

Trees, shrubs, and plants, gigantic and minute,
In forms of grace innumerable, combined
With lovely hues more various than the sun
Scatters from broken rainbows, or bright prisms,
Spread in gradations endless.

Clear defined,
Their various verdant tribes and families,
Are ranged distinct, from gnarled towering oak,
Or mountain cedar, whereof spake, antique,
The Jewish king, poet and naturalist,
To the low flowering hyssop, and soft moss,
Whose blossoms, hid with beauty exquisite,
Demand the well-armed microscopic eye.
An endless power of vegetation asks
Only the sun and rain ; for earth is sown
With germs of life perpetual, to the centre ;
Nor frost, nor snow, nor fierce volcanic heat,
Th' exhaustless, deep, prolific energy
Represses nor destroys ; 'tis latent still,
And ceaseless as the restless rolling globe.

What rich luxuriance in earth's flowing robes,
Endless and grand, whether the sun looks down,
From cloudless skies, on glowing rocks and sands,
With here and there a wild oasis hid ;
Or, veiled with mist, on herbage, moist with rain,
Pastures and downs dotted with flocks of sheep,
And herds of cattle grazing leisurely,
And meadows, hawthorn-hedged, and flower-inlaid,

Fresh streams, and running brooks, and bright
 cascades,
And shady groves, and green and lovely lanes.

Islands of foliage, desert-skirted, pour
Beauty and fragrance to the eager breeze ;
And lines of clustering verdure, tangled, deep,
Follow the rivers, from the shady verge
Of inland lakes, or lowly-bosomed springs ;
And at the base of mighty mountain-ranges,
Primeval woods hang o'er the craggy rocks,
And skirt, with solemn, silent, darkening fringe,
The glittering icy peaks and continents.

And in fair regions nearer to the sun,
What vast majestic forests, whose wide reach
Of verdure, as a boundless, living sea,
Rolls off in gloomy, pathless, waving depths,
A wilderness of vegetable forms,
Huge, rank, luxuriant, mighty, all involved,
The lair of roaming, careless animals,
Haughty, and heedless of the monster, man ;
By fire invaded never, nor the axe
Of the strong woodman, nor the deadly crack
Of the unerring rifle, echoing sharp.
Where never human form intelligent
Has marked the mighty process, ages gone,
Like ocean-tides, with annual pulse of life,
Retreating and returned, whole generations,

With years by cycles counted in their sweep
Of lonely growth, and gradual dim decay,
Have risen, flourished, fallen : Nature moves
In her majestic course, indifferent,
Whether a watchful beating heart admires
The wondrous scene, or not. God is well pleased,
His works to him all grateful, perfect, fair.

Yet all for man, earth's favored foster-child,
Cradled amidst such powers magnificent,
To train him for those glorious upper courts,
Of which all scenes of beauty here, and grandeur,
Are but the homely veil ;—or, for the soul,
A hall, dim-lighted, introductory ;
Yet how divinely fair, intelligent,
Significant of grand design, and audible,
With voices of sweet gratitude and praise !

The form and structure of this mortal globe,
How shining with the finger-marks of God !
And dead must be the heart, and deaf the ear,
And the eye sealed with slumber, if it fail
To hear, and read, and feel, in all these leaves,
Of natural revelation, the bright lines,
Characteristic, of a Father's love.

Perpetual source of rich and pure refreshment,
A discipline imaginative, grand,
Of solemn imagery, with light and shade,

Mountain and vale, untrampled space of sea,
And pathless wilderness, and desert vast !
What inward forms of grand intelligence,
What aspirations of illumined thought,
What sentiment intuitive and vast,
Of spirit-worlds to come, and instinct high,
Of immortality beyond all worlds,
Should breathe from such a dwelling-place as
man's !

Its airy ministries bear up the soul,
Its restless voices breathed inaudible,
Its influences dim, mysterious, hid,
Inspired of God, excite the listening mind,
And unseen angels waft it on their wings,
'Twixt earth and heaven ascending and descending.
Bright golden stairs, with mazy galleries,
And towers with windows strange, attract it high,
To vantage of illimitable view,
Where Nature hath a deep baptizing power,
And gives discernment to the wakeful sense,
Even as a father lifts his curious child
Over the heads of prostrate crowds, to gaze
On some prodigious fiery spectacle.

Deep calleth unto deep ! Behold the range
Of those perpetual mountains, whose profound,
Dark, dazzling blue, speaks of eternity !
What grand repose, what majesty sublime,
Breathes from their distant outline, as they lie,

Like sculptured forms, magnificent and vast,
Upon gigantic tombs, colossal raised,
With folded arms, and flowing, rock-hewn robes,
Against an evening sky. Or when the moon,
With melancholy, half-revealing veil
Of silver light, softens their rugged crags,
And seems the effluence of indwelling soul,
Breathing an inspiration as of thought,
With what impressive, deep, and silent awe,
Their lonely grandeur fills the shadowy air,
In snowy brilliance flashing to the stars,
With wild, uncertain gleam ! Or when the morn
Pours its full radiance, with what startling power
They flash upon the upward gazing eye,
And call upon the soul to worship God !
Types of eternal truths, towering they rise,
Ever, from earth to heaven, serene, sublime,
Unchangeable, whether a cloudless sun
Clothe them with glittering robes of icy splendor.
Intolerably bright, or whirling storms
Sweep them with cataracts of icy sleet,
Or clouds rest on them as a misty sea,
Or lightnings play, and the rebellowing thunders
Splinter their jagged pinnacles, and roll
Enormous crags and avalanches down.

With what vast crash, and thundering roar pro-
longed,
Those mighty glittering ridges at the brow

Of snowy mountains, hanging in mid-air,
Break from the summit toppling, with swift plunge,
In rushing frozen torrents ! All the year,
Collecting and suspended, till the weight
Enormous, and the field of such extent,
That it might sweep whole villages, becomes
A mountain clinging to a mountain ! Down,
At the air's first concussion, shoots the mass !
A whisper near may startle it, or word,
Or step of daring hunter, or the faint,
Far distant echo of the traveller's gun.
With sound of many waters, or the deep,
Tempestuous boom of billows on the beach,
Or rocky coast, flung maddening and rebounding,
Or as the tramp of armies infinite,
Or roar of thousand cataracts in one,
The broken, grinding, mighty crags of ice
Leap swift from perpendicular steep to steep,
Terrace to terrace, with successive crash,
Then far beneath, beyond the reach of sight,
Drop in spent fragments, inaccessible,
Unheard, unvisited, in chaos deep.
There piled and pinnacled, they grimly guard
That wilderness of dripping, horrid caves,
The gloomy womb of those dark struggling
streams,
Let loose by sun and rain, and rushing fierce,
In headlong course, precipitous, to ocean.

Scenes not unlike, of dreadful grandeur, passed,
Of old, before the prophet's startled sense,
When earthquake, whirlwind, and the raging flames,
Of vast devouring fire rushed round the world.
Then at the still, small voice, he hid his face,
And felt, in all his being, God was there !

And God is here ! These glorious mountains
stand,
Sublime as when he bade their buttressed spires,
And frowning crags, sheeted with glaciers, rise.
These avalanches thunder forth his praise !
Majestic bursts of stormy melody,
From mountain streams, rejoicing in their strength,
And howling hurricanes that shake the earth,
And sweep whole forests prostrate, are the notes,
Faint, yet magnificently awful, of his power !
Thy glorious works, O God, forever praise
Thy name, thy wisdom, and thy love divine !
Who, but must pause, arrested, and adore ?
And yet, insensible and thoughtless man
Sees not the Maker of these shining worlds,
Nor heeds the writing on these radiant walls.
The trifling summer visitors flit by,
Too oft from God and Nature still estranged,
The mountain voice of truths divine unheard.
But native hearts, filled with such scenes sublime
From childhood, and secluded from the haunts
Of fashion, worldliness, and frantic sin,

And with the Book of God's dear sacred Word
From infancy familiar, know the power
Of daily deep communion with His works.

Intense the splendor of the setting sun,
From distant mountains flashing, and the hues
Of lovely changing radiance on the crags,
Snow covered, where the lingering sunbeams rest,
In crimson, warm suffusion of soft light,
Apparent as an angel's dazzling brow,
Encircled with a coronet of fire,
While all this lower world is veiled in gloom.
There the flame burns and wavers o'er the snow,
Glowing with beauty indescribable,
Gone, then returning, like a sudden blush
Of ruddy life in the pale face of death.
Then the long twilight, and the wandering stars,
Midnight communing with those icy peaks,
Motionless glittering in the cold serene,
Till the sun tip their rosy tops with fire.

And when the watcher on Mount Righi's brow
Beholds the stars dissolving in the dawn,
Then in the vast horizon opposite,
Where high in heaven the icy mountains shine,
And nightly claim dominion with the stars,
See their crests lighted by the unrisen sun,
Earth hath no scene more glorious, nor the sky,
With all its lustrous orbs, a sight more fair.

As if a host of angels had flown round
The wide circumference, with rosy flame,
And at the signal given, had touched those peaks,
And snowy crags and pyramids with fire,
The mighty range of crystal lamps colossal,
Hung in mid-heaven, bursts into radiant blaze,
With crimson colors waving ! seems a dream,
Inspired from worlds celestial, or a vision,
Caught at the gates of heaven, wide open flung !
How like a new creation, at whose birth,
Again the morning stars might sing together,
And all the sons of God shout with loud joy !

The transitory vision fades away.
The cold gray dawn, and the white snow, resume
Dominion o'er the rosy-tinted flashes,
That softly burned, with lustre exquisite.
Daylight advances, and the stars are gone.
The visible sun o'erlooks the wide horizon,
And marks the mountain-sides with light and shade,
Black gulfs revealing, inaccessible,
Where all, till then, seemed smooth, continuous,
ice.

Now rise the shadows from the sleeping earth,
Chased backward to the sun ; and the bright mists.
That with soft wing brooded upon the lakes,
Fluttering like parent birds scared from the nest,
In the clear air hover awhile, then vanish ;
Part stealing up the vales, or craggy sides

Of steep ravines ; the slow reluctant cloud,
Impearling every tree with glittering dew.
Hamlets and villages, and clustered towns,
And woods, and open glades, and forests vast,
Are radiant now with light, that o'er the world,
East, west, north, south, on mountain height serene,
Or broad luxuriant plain, or glittering sea,
Or vale sequestered, pours, magnificent,
Its pure, triumphant, all-revealing flood.

Oh, Switzerland ! thou art divinely fair,
So grand, so glorious, in thy bright array,
The treasures of thine icy Palaces,
So like the shining of the gates of Heaven !
Angels might worship in thy mountain halls,
Cathedrals of the sounding elements,
Almost too sacred for a mortal's tread.
Yet God has given thee to a gazing world,
For grand and precious discipline ; and they,
Who in the walks of nature wait on Him,
And in his light see light, return from thee,
Mind, heart, imagination richly stored,
With glorious thoughts, and images and dreams
Of brighter worlds, not all in vain for this,
But of celestial, sanctifying power.
Thy children should be angels in the might
Of unsubjected freedom, and great thoughts,
Too vast for utterance, and feelings deep,

And sense majestic of a present God !
And such there are, whose noble minds pour forth
Like thine own mountains, rivers to the sea.
And thy Geneva, that proud Ararat,
Where Freedom rested, sends once more abroad,
Great voices of awakening for a world.

Far distant from those wondrous heights sublime,—
Colossal ridges, whose bright icy peaks
Rise glittering, till the eye is lost in heaven,—
Mid scenes of lowlier beauty now we rove.

The morn is balmy, and invites our steps,
Within these woods primeval, where the shade,
From interlacing foliage at the tops
Of mighty trees, arrests the mid-day sun,
That all beneath is coolness, and the walks,
Dappled with gleams of radiance thrown aslant
From openings in the glades, are moist and fresh.
The soft and tender growth of maple leaves,
From thousand pliant stalks fluttering outspread,
Veils the dark surface of the forest earth ;
A field of verdure thick, a sea of green,
From which the tall straight trunks of branching
 elms,
Lindens, and maples rich, and mightiest pines,
Bear high a waving roof, o'er avenues
Of fretted, long, religious, whispering aisles.

The air breathes fragrant moisture, and the wind,
Sweeping the topmost leaves, as with the touch
Invisible, of flying angels, sends
The sound of pouring rain, or rushing sea,
In solemn, grand, and thoughtful music down.
How soft the melancholy voiceful sweep
Of sighing breezes through the tasselled pines !

Now dies the wind away, and all is still.
Not a leaf quivers ; hushed the silent air ;
So still, that e'en the fall of tiny spears,
From hemlock boughs, resounds like drops of rain,
Or falling beech-nuts, pattering on the leaves.
The late and early songsters of the woods
Are voiceless now, or absent, and in place
Of warbling melodies, you hear the sharp
Woodpecker's bill, tapping the lofty tree,
Or sudden whirr of partridge on the wing,
Or chirrup of the squirrel, with his quirks,
And whistling, sneezing notes, in startled, quick,
And voluble rotation. Down the dell,
And from the neighboring open corn-field, wavers,
Hoarsely, the harsh voice of the flying crow.

Here, laid along the dry and sloping trunk
Of some tall tree, new fallen, I look up,
And let the leaves against the deep blue sky
Play with quick dappling shadows o'er my face.
Or at the roots of old majestic pines,

Reclined, and drinking in the effluence
Of soul-like, deep, mysterious, hidden power,
In the sweet forms of Nature, love to scan
The simplest processes and elements,
The lines and motions of the forest-world,
The breath and stirrings of the forest-life,
In every pulse how fresh and beautiful !

Can there be sight more exquisite than this ?
This round embroidery of trees, leaves, light,
Chequered and interlaced with mingling shades,
Inlaid and woven on, hue behind hue,
Line after line in close perspective drawn !
Fretted and frosted, as some mineral cave,
The pendent roof lets in the gleaming sky,
And shafts of light, misty and cool, stream down,
Along dark branches, and straight trunks, moss-
grown,
Or silver gray, and clustered round with green.
The soft pale green seems lit with inward fire,
Or dipped in flame, or dropped with shower of
gold.

Now, as the sun falls nearer the horizon,
And the bright glittering rays, shafted aslant,
Pour down a mellower light, how richly burns
This mazy net-work in the glowing sky !
Meanwhile i' the east, shade deepening upon shade,
With tracery thick, and clustered green recesses,

Twigs, boughs, trunks, branches, fringed with verdant gold,
Festooned with pendent arches, and embowered
With glossy leaves, of many a shape and hue,
Await th' infolding of the twilight gloom.
Dense mass of foliage ! to the evening sky
Transpicious, and reticulated through.

But ere the dusky veil, involving, falls,
And hides the dewy landscape, indistinct,
What sudden change skirts the rich woodland scene !

The deep red light crimsons the forest glades,
From the sun's setting beams ; the trunks seem
clad

In scarlet mail ; the old decaying stumps,
Glow ruddy, and the rocks and hedges round,
Gleam as of blossomed rubies ;—but the grove,
Where the eye loses now the sun's broad disc,
Flames with the richest purple, till the clouds,
Trailing the glories of departing day,
Take up the banners of the setting sun,
Sole objects that retain the hues of heaven.

Hushed in the evening stillness, how the trees,
Like thoughtful, listening, grateful beings, stand,
Silent, in holy adoration awed !
Obedient to Jehovah's word, Be still,
And know that I am God, all nature waits

Pervaded by a solemn harmony,
And calling thoughtless man to prayer and praise.
A soul of love breathes in these sacred woods,
Nor sound, nor motion, breaks the deep repose,
But when God pleases, he can make them speak.
The wind is up ! The forest roars and surges,
As with the ocean's thunder ! How sublime,
And filled with thoughtful music is the sound !
These hugest trees, magnificent and proud,
Which not ten thousand giant arms could bend,
Swayed to and fro, yield to the elements,
When equinoctial tempests rage abroad,
Rejoicing in the fury of their strength.

How nature's voice, and nature's silence, all,
Intelligent and ceaseless as the light,
Rebukes not sole the atheist in his ways,
But warns, wakes, reprobates, a prayerless man !
These woods, the wind-harp of a voiceless world,
These winds, that now with softest whispering
touch,
Breathe so divine a harmony, and now,
Burst in fierce crashing thunders through the air,
Vast, viewless, restless messengers of Heaven !
This twilight gloom, these trailing clouds of gold,
These gorgeous, deepening colors in the west,
These glimmering stars, that faintly, one by one,
Steal from the depths of space ;—this solemn hush,
And grateful coolness of the dewy eve,—

Are nature's sacred utterances for God.
All nature speaks of God to sense and soul;
And when she tells of his Eternal Power,
And shadows forth his Everlasting Godhead,
Calls man to prayer. And can we live and breathe,
And walk, admiring, in a world like this,
And feed this spirit with these setting skies,
And never think of Him who made these heavens,
This thoughtful soul, this sensitive quick frame,
This busy, anxious heart, which only He,
Who strung the harp, can keep in sacred tune,
Or charm its discords to eternal rest ?

By prayer, not thought alone, or silent trance
Of admiration, man communes with Heaven.
If words of faith, acknowledgment contrite,
For sins committed, and the fervent plea
Of grace, the purchase of a Saviour's blood,
Be wanting, all is absent ; the desire,
That lowly asks ; the penitential groan,
Trembling, yet prevalent ; the willing mind,
Submissive and obedient, and the love,
That fires the sacrifice of praise in man.
If words be absent, and the sacred plea,
And Advocate, through whom we come to God,
By careless man neglected, or unnamed,—
He never prays, nor knows the sacred bliss
Of grateful love, the hope of sins forgiven,
Or sense of Heavenly Presence, or the deep

Adoring joy of worship in the soul.
Were he the tree, beneath whose shade he walks,
Or lowing heifer of the herd he milks,
Or babbling stream, that murmurs down the vales,
Or weed, or withered leaf upon the stream,
He could not be so heedless of a God.

There is a venom in the want of prayer,
And he who prays not, hides beneath the veil
Of seeming carelessness, or busy life,
Or thoughts too much preoccupied with sense,
A deadly enmity, that like the cloud,
Involving now the mountain and the vale,
Breaks only with the vivid dreadful flame
Of fierce devouring lightning, and the roar
Of thunder, crashing o'er a frightened world.
What, when he wakes, and finds himself with God,
Will the despiser of his vengeance feel,
Who, through the changes of a long career
Fed full upon the bounty of kind Heaven,
Warned, stirred, and pressed betimes with fear of
death,
The sense of sin, the outcry of the Word,
The voice of Conscience, and the need of grace,
Never in grateful thought, or penitence,
Or humble faith, or sigh of contrite spirit,
Lifted the heart, or bowed the knee, in prayer!

The season is advancing ; all the day,

The air is filled with smoky, hazy light,
Involving nature in a dream-like trance.
An indolent sleepy calm hangs o'er the scene.
The distant ridges of the mountains lose
Their sharp defined lines, and melt away,
Ridge behind ridge, in dusky grand repose.
And in the vales between, the noon-tide sun,
Pours down a fleecy radiance, like the mist,
That all night long hangs on the dewy mead,
Sleeps with the moonlight in the leafy dells,
And veils each water-course at early morn.
The purple elder-berries now invite
The school-boy, with their tempting ripened
clusters,
Of luscious look, ambitious rivaling
The small round grape of Zante, or the stalk
Of garden currants on their leafy bush.
The juice, of brilliant crimson dye, expressed,
The truant boasts a native Indian ink.

The thistle is in blossom, and its fragrance
Breathes by the road-side. Many a hasty bee,
And rival humming-bird, with slender bill,
Heedless of thorns, buries his little wings
In its blue depths, or, balanced on the air,
Sucks fragrant honey from the careless flower.
Though rough, not worthless, e'en the withered burr
Ministers flame to many a joyous life,
So kindly provident of wealth is Nature !

When the black seed, beneath the fleecy down,
Loose ripens, then th' industrious birds, elated,
With rapid bill extract the nourishing grain.

The broad, bright sunflower, like a golden shield,
Turns now its yellow, pointed, flaming rim,
With polished ridges of dark ripening seed,
To the great Orb of Day. A homely plant,
The garden Amazon ; yet something dear,
For such a constant worship. Round the walks,
A few autumnal flowers, with here and there
A group of flaunting faded dahlias stand,
Against a jubilee of summer weeds.
Too busy is the farmer, to preserve
The loveliness that asks an Eve-like care,
From such spontaneous, persevering growth,
And obstinate intrusion of wild herbs.
The faded garden spreads, a rueful scene,
Neglected, melancholy, where the brood
Of cackling barn-door fowls graze undisturbed.

How sad the lesson for our native soil,
A garden thus neglected of its owner,
Left to the empire of the wasteful weeds !
All that is noxious, needs no thought in man,
But springs luxuriant, wanton, waste, and wild.
All that is sweet and useful, and of pure
And delicate beauty, must be sown or set,
With gentlest, anxious, fostering love and prayer,

And nourished by the dews of grace divine ;
The roots enriched with soil of purer mould,
The branches pruned, the weeds plucked up with
care.

My Father is the Husbandman ! How dear,
How gracious, condescending, loving, kind,
The work of God in man's rebellious heart !
He sets the plant from heaven, he tends the growth,
He cuts the withered branch, he prunes the bough,
Dropping with golden fruit, that it may bear
More fruit, and richer, purer, of such life,
As angels gather from th' immortal trees,
By that celestial river, where the Throne
Of God and of the Lamb pours forth the tide,
Divine, eternal, of transcendent love
To all in heaven, and grace to guilty man.

He sets the plant in Christ. O sacred Vine !
May I but be the smallest living shoot,
In Thee, my dying Saviour ! Dying so,
That in thy rising, I might live in Thee,
Thy death, my life, thy life, my death to sin !
May I but be the branch, though tenderest, least,
Most insignificant, but truly thine !
May I but be the object of thy care,
Thy grace creating all in me that lives ;—
Then shall I live for Thee, and never cease
To praise thy name, and labor for thy praise.
Oh, let my soul be ever stayed on Thee,

In thee absorb'd, indebted to thy love,
Thy dying love, for every breath of life !
My quickening from the dreadful endless death
Of trespasses and sins, my holy dawn,
And bright celestial morning of full hope,
Above the night of hell ! Thy dying love,
Down-reaching, drew me from the dread abyss
Of blackness, wrath, and absolute despair !

To-day the sun sinks lowering, and the breezes,
Laden with vapor from long gathering clouds,
Wide spreading slowly o'er the dusky east,
Portend a rain, not furious, but serene,
Softly descending, all the live-long day,
With blessings on the needy earth, deep-moistened.
Now miss we our accustomed woodland walks,
But, quiet at the fireside, lighted now,
Perhaps the first of autumn, love to gaze,
With genial friends conversing, o'er the scene,
The wide, wet, drizzly landscape, hung with mist.
The cattle in the open fields stand still,
And ruminant in indolent enjoyment,
Or taste the dripping verdure, while the steam,
Warm reeking from their sides, ascends in clouds.
How the dense forest trees enjoy the rain,
So gently veiling all the freshened foliage,
Whose motionless leaves, dew-laden, silent, drink
Or seem to drink, the influence from heaven,
With grateful, lowly, sweet intelligence.

The night shuts down, still raining ; not a star,
Or gleam of azure, breaks the deepening gloom.
But from the west at midnight, a soft wind,
Swift rising, sweeps the sky, and rolls the mist,
In fleecy sailing clouds, like flying squadrons,
Over the moonlit sea. 'Tis as if angels
Rolled back a veil of space from hidden worlds !
The stars flash forth, fresh as if just created,
Sinking withdrawn in deeper depths of blue,
Sparkling intense o'er the vast firmament.
Now with what boundless radiance breaks the
dawn !

'Twere worth a life of blindness paid, to see,
Were that the price, the vivid and fresh gleam
Of one such opening seal of living splendor.
What words can paint the many-colored sky,
Flush after flush of purple and crimson hues,
Still changing, in those bars of motionless cloud,
Like gold in fire dissolving, passing on,
From hue to hue, through all the rainbow round,
From sapphire flame to amethyst and opal !

With power renewed, and purified, the Day,
After a night of weeping, sends the shafts
Of rosy, glimmering light before the sun,
Gleaming the wet horizon. First, the hills,
Earth's glorious morning altars in a blaze,
Smoke as with incense. Now a golden mist
Steams up from vale and meadow, and the rays

Of light, fresh falling on the untrodden dew,
Impearl the grass, and kindle, as with flame,
Dense clumps of foliage, with their lustrous leaves,
Dropping at every breath in diamond showers.
And now the rounded hills, the trunks of trees;
The cottage on the slope, and the tall spire,
Cast their long shadows, definite and deep,
But every moment shortening, till the sun,
Ascended high, floods the whole world with light.

With new delight and love man goeth forth,
His morning worship to his Maker given,
Resuming, with glad heart, and quickened strength,
His labors till the evening. O'er the clear,
Far-echoing morning air, how welcome ring
The voices of the newly-wakened world !
Meanwhile, a-field, the mower's annual work
Is almost ended ; but the verdant mead,
The fields of fragrant clover, and the grounds
Of undulating pasture, all refreshed
With frequent rains and coolness, still display
A tender grass, soft as the spring's first growth.

The busy reaper passes, and the fields
Put on their russet robe of stubble frieze,
Late waving with abundant varied green.
Rich from the ripened harvest of the year,
The clustered sheaves Corinthian, in full grain,
And stacks of corn pyramidal, in husks,

Stand for a season, numerous, neat arranged,
In military row, a gladdening sight,
And of entrancing beauty, where the scene,
Caught by the traveller, in the setting sun,
Upon the sloping side of some broad vale,
Swells upward to the gleam of evening sky.

Now from the sunrise in the open glades,
How sweet to pass beneath these grand old woods,
Into those deep recesses, where the trees
Cast cool their earliest shadows, and the sun,
Not yet intrusive, throws aslant his beams,
Full on the masses of the topmost boughs.
Majestic trees ! Whole ages in their growth,
What thoughtful forms sublime of forest life !
Pillared, with pendent arch magnificent,
A temple vast, high-towering, solemn, grand.
The clean, colossal, and straight-shafted trunks,
Or ever branch or leaf be visible,
Shoot in prodigious height towards heaven aspiring,
Then toss their lofty foliage to the sky.
The deepening season strikes not yet their pride.
A darker lustrous green in the thick leaves,
O'er the whole forest verging brown or purple,
With indurated gloss, presages near,
The time of changing hues, the frost's domain,
The leaves' sad fall, the mournful wide decay,
And fading glories of the passing year.

As yet, 'tis beauty all. See how the sun
Chequers with spots of light, that come and go,
Like breathings in the very pulse of nature,
The green and leaf-strewn carpet in these woods !
A moment since, 'twas all monotonous shade ;
Another, and the glades, within the forest,
Show like the covering of the spotted pard.
So the fast flying clouds betray their passage,
Midway in the open sky, across the sun.
Lo now, the radiant beams that broke so sudden,
As smiles upon a merry maiden's face,
Or dimples on a lake beneath the breeze,
As sudden vanish, eloud pursuing cloud,
As if the earth were some intelligent nature,
And the soft gush of light, and its withdrawal,
The quick experience of moods and feelings,
As swift and changeful as the fleeting wind.

The half-transparent leaves subdue the light,
With fitful pauses in its rapid play,
To their own richness ; and its motions seem
A quick pervading spirit, now revealed,
Now hiding and withdrawing ; now dim shade,
Now dim perspective through the radiant air,
'Midst lines of trees, retreating vast and far,
With interlacing webs of leafy net-work ;
And here and there, far gleaming through the verdure,
Colossal trunks, on which the sun streams down,

Poured through some unobstructed vista bright.
The mighty shafts seem solid massive silver.
On every side the roving eye runs through,
Cloistered and festooned avenues and arches.
But if the sun withdraw, involved in clouds,
Sudden the magic radiance dies away,
UnspHERed of interspace, and disenchanted.
So when with telescopic glass you view
The far-off landscape, clear, distinct, and radiant,
Start but the tube a line beyond the focus,
And all becomes confused, obscure, and flat ;
Forest, and winding dale, and hill and valley,
All glimmering hazy as a half-formed world.

Such revelations, when the deep green woods
Transpicious rise against the mighty sun,
Baptized in glory borrowed from that light ;
And such withholdings and confused blanks,
Of dim, monotonous hues, and unknown shapes,
If evening drop her curtain o'er the sky,
Or gloomy clouds infold the Orb of Day,
Betray the difference, when we read the WORD,
Whether between the soul and heaven we hold it,
Intently fastened on that world divine,
And through it see the glory of the Lord,
Or if we only gaze upon the letter,
With no informing Spirit shining through ;
Whether we seek for that celestial light,
Inspiring it, and still residing there,

Felt by the heart, seen by the eye of Faith,
Or, earthward turned, the vision filled with sense,
Find only what the senses might disclose.

Oh leave me not to the sad native blindness,
That through the opening cloud-rifts in the sky
Of truth divine, ne'er looks, or nothing sees,
Believing nothing ! 'Tis a sacred glass,
That, if the eye comes armed with faith and love,
Discloses heaven ; for the enlightening Spirit,
The gift of dying love, to guilty man,
Searches out all things, yea, the depths of God,
Where faith abides. But if the film of death,
Quenching the vision by the love of sin,
Drop o'er the sensual soul, grovelling and dark,
'Tis a dead painting, or dim blinding wall.

Far round the heavenly world, th' inspiring
Word,
Inclosing all th' infinitude of light,
Raised as a vast transparency abides,
A boundless, crystal, and self-opening wall,
A living power, a life in light transmitting ;
And in the night of guilt, the darkened soul,
Wandering outside afar, and gloomy coasting
Those bright enclosures, hopeful, from the depths
Of death and ruin, may look up and live !
That which it *seeks* to see, it quick beholds.
The *wish* to live is the first step from death,

The strong desire to find out God, prevails.
The humble, earnest heart, sick with the strife,
The desperate fever, pain, and grief of sin ;
The burdened heart, yearning for heavenly rest ;
Becomes the trusting heart, at sight of Christ.
This sacred thirst and hunger shall be filled ;
'Tis blest of God ; and he who looks may live.
The inward yearning is the power of vision,
The inward vision is the power of Faith ;
And Christ within the heart, the hope of glory,
Kindles the living Word, lights up its figures,
Reveals the love of God, and with divine,
And sacred ecstasy, o'erwhelms the soul.

The veil was on the heart ; no envious cloud
Hung o'er the portals of the world of light,
Nor darkening censure sealed the Saviour's brow.
Holy of holies, inmost, lies the court,
Wide-opened, and the soul may enter in,
Where God converses from the mercy-seat.
The veil was on the heart ; but when *that* turns
To Him who speaks, Behold the Lamb of God !
To Him who calls, Look unto me, and live !
The veil is drawn away ; the wondering soul,
Redeemed from blindness, in the sacred Word
Beholds as in a glass the depths of love,
And light and glory, hidden all before,
Sweetly disclosed in Christ ; and by that sight,
Itself is changed into the same blest image !

Foretaste of heaven, the Earnest of the Spirit,
'Tis heaven on earth thus to commune with God.

And what is earth itself, this globe adorned
With splendid hieroglyphics from the hand
Of Him who formed it, but a sacred scroll,
To teach the lessons of a power divine,
Omniscient wisdom, and eternal love ?
It shall wax old, be rolled away, and laid
Aside, for other volumes ; but it needs,
While God displays it, his all-quickenings grace,
Raising the soul, his love baptizing it,
With spiritual, fine intelligence,
If man would learn creation's wealth of thought.
For Nature and the Word are but two leaves
In the same volume, the fair book of God,
Taught by the same divine informing Spirit ;
Nor will the mind of Nature be revealed,
To aught but a believing, lowly heart.
This earth, with green, refreshing loveliness,
These glorious seasons, grateful in their change,
These forms of light and shade, of space and substance,
These combinations of bright elements,
These wonders of mysterious working powers,
From the deep centre to the surface filled,
Whether in forms of animated life,
Or mineral growth, or vegetable, all,
With restless energy, instinct, intense,

Whether decay and death, or breathing motion,
And voluntary joy, define the Presence,
Are one great voice, a sea of many streams,
One utterance of ten thousand harmonies,
One song of an innumerable choir,
Vocal with praise to the Creator God !

Not Nature's forms, but what th' awakened
mind

Sees *through* all nature, constitutes the life
Of wisdom, truth, and genius high inspired.
The natural man, prose or poetic mind,
With simple vision armed, or microscopic,
Sees natural forms and colors, works of art,
Perspective grace, imaginative spaces,
Clouds, seas, and skies, disclosures beautiful,
And all the principles and laws of taste
Deduces, or combines and imitates.
The man of science sees the hidden springs,
Cross-play and working of the elements,
Chemical agents and affinities,
In subtle, intricate development,
And force prodigious ; all material powers,
Deep-traced and measured ; mathematic thought,
And geometrical intelligence ;—no more.
The man of faith sees attributes divine.
Creative goodness, wisdom infinite,
The ruling, omnipresent, moral mind ;—
Angelic, providential ministries :—

Learns, by the Spirit, the pervading lines
Of vast analogies and counterparts,
Of spiritual scenes, with warnings deep,
Impressive, and the lessons of a world,
Solemn, sphynx-avenued, the portal grand,
Of that eternal temple without space,—
Receptacle of all immortal minds,
From all worlds gathered, and still crowding on,—
Unlimited, the dwelling-place of God !

Thither from this we pass, and find, serene,
Redeemed from inward guilt, and undefiled,
Its all-surrounding holiness and light,
Congenial, beatific to the soul ;
Or else, still shrouded in our native sin,
Condemned, remorseful, hardened in despair,
And lost by inward, everlasting hate,
The sphere of love itself, consuming fire !

The ways of God are righteous, and the just
In them shall live forever ; but th' unjust
Fall by the same. Jehovah cannot treat,
Nor please alike, the sinner and the saint.

Within ourselves and by ourselves we choose
What attributes to live with ; love divine
Rules in the soul, redeeming it from guilt,
Or perfect justice vindicates the law.

The kingdom is within us, heaven or hell,

And we in it, o'er which we reign forever.
As the tree falls, it lies. What we now are,
Predicts the same to-morrow, if we look
No higher than ourselves. And what we are,
When the breath leaves the body, we shall be,
In an eternal character and doom.

Oh ! with such scenes before us, life how short !
Too short to spend in trifles, wasted, lost,
Nature and grace almost alike unheeded,
And in their sacred influence both unknown !
Our three score years and ten, a blank with most,
Mole-eyed, and struggling for the means of life,
Or vainly spent in eager, restless chase,
Of pleasure, wealth, and fame, afford but few
Calm meditative seasons, when the soul
At leisure to commune, intuitive,
With th' unseen spirit of this mortal frame,
Can stay the solemn round of imagery,
And study to the full those lessons sweet,
That Nature holds before the thoughtful heart.

Not many setting suns these eyes can see,
Nor many rolling seasons, with the change,
Grand, varied, and delightful, of the year,
Forever new, impressive, beautiful !
And the last time beheld, how solemn seems,
At noon or eve, by rising sun or setting,
And fondly beautiful, our native world,

To him who bids his endless last farewell !
The home of years is sweet, with early flowers,
And evergreens, perhaps of our own planting.
The simple, modest violet, with its breath
Fragrant of spring, accustomed, asks our stay.
Dear mother Nature loves her dying child,
And when we pass away, the heart is turned,
Regretful to her glories. Yet on earth,
Nothing is lost to him who enters heaven.
There shall be other suns to light these steps,
And clouds and hues attending, brighter far,
The dawn and sunset in celestial worlds,
Eternal spring, and never withering flowers ;
And other starry spheres, to train the sense
Of the celestial body, and delight,
With endless ecstasy, this active mind.
Unnumbered and unmeasured are the ways,
And glorious inconceivably the forms,
Beyond all thought, of God's eternal power,
And wisdom infinite, reserved, unknown,
In boundless love and grace to occupy,
And fill with rapture every holy soul.

B O O K I I I.

ELEUTHERIA AND NEMESIS.

ARGUMENT.

Leaves, a symbol of our passing races.—Indian Tribes, and the apostle Eliot.—The resurrection of successive generations.—Forest sepulchres.—Wanderings in the wilderness.—My squirrel-trap, and its morality.—The Birth-right of Liberty, universal.—Blinding power of Slavery.—Scripture perverted in defending it.—Sophistry of expediency and gain.—Judgment of God, and eternal law of conscience and of right.—The great question.—Nemesis bides her time.—Thanksgiving in New England.—Origin of the Festival with our Pilgrim Fathers.—Controlling and sanctifying power of the Sabbath.—Autumnal life, its closing lessons.

B O O K I I I .

Leaves are a symbol of the life of man.
Whole generations fall, as utterly
Forgotten, as the last year's withered foliage,
Under the shade of this. What millions pass,
And in few fleeting years, not one remaining,
Of all earth's myriads, knows, or cares, or asks,
The name, the lot, the character of one !
Yet all immortal ! Each, a breathing world,
More precious than the Sun ! A sphere eternal,
Of conscious blessing, or continued wo.

In the deep calm of this majestic scene,
Rich with the cultivation of long years
Of industry, and hallowed by the dawn
Of many a peaceful Sabbath, gathering wide
The well-dressed families of hardy frame
Within the House of God, the air benign
Of Heaven's own mercy every day is breathed.
The Sabbath sheds abroad o'er all the week
Its sacred light, through each well-ordered Home,

Familiar with those sanctifying truths,
That guide at once on earth, and fit for Heaven,
The happy households kept beneath their sway.

Yet in this scene a savage race once roamed,
Fierce, hardy, fearless, proud, implacable,
And ruthless in the dreadful cruelty
Of vast revenge, when opportunity
Laid at their feet the dwellings of their foes.
A nobler race,—had they been taught the God
And loving Saviour of the white man's faith,
And not the idols by the white man worshipped,—
Earth had not nourished, nor the truth made free.

A noble native race ! How grand the port
Of the red children of this forest world,
Ere yet degraded with the drunken herd
Of beasts in civilized society,
Tempted by liquid fire. The raging flame
Devoured and wasted them, as sweeps the trees
A forest conflagration. Kindled wide,
At many a point, it caught them, ministered
By human demons for the sake of gain.
Helpless they fell, destroyed ; not theirs the first
Aggressive crime, by irritating wiles
Of force, or stratagem, provoking war.
But, overreached by covetous policy,
Th' untrampled soil wrung from them, field by field,
Forest by forest, with vast hunting grounds,

Lavished for strings of beads or belts of wampum,
Or on the faith of public promises,
Made only to be broken or despised,
Grasped by the greedy agents of the State,
They were the weak and suffering ; basely wronged
By corporate villainy, they madly turned,
In bootless, undistinguishing revenge.
With fearful massacre and midnight flame,
They swept the infant hamlets of these vales.

The rising smoke now curls in peaceful clouds,
Domestic, on the early morning air,
From dwellings built upon the blackened sites
Of forest habitations burned to earth,
And not one inmate of the household spared.

Those were the days of anxious haggard life,
The glittering tomahawk and whooping yell,
Constant expected, and almost at length
Familiar to the startled watching sense.
The woods were peopled with terrific forms
Of lurking enemies ; an open glade
The only means of safety, where the fort,
With strong stockade, guarded the dangerous night.

They passed away, as melt the midnight dews
Before the rising sun. Would that each page
Of history could record, up to this hour,
As generous kindly dealing with those tribes,

As firm unbroken faith, and pitying care,
As were our Pilgrim Fathers' ; or a name,
In solemn treaties kept, and rights preserved,
As fair and noble as the honored Penn's !
Or efforts for their souls as ardent, meek,
In fervent prayer, strong faith, and tenderest love,
As Eliot's earnest ministry from Heaven !

Second apostle of the Gentiles, fired
With equal, faithful, self-denying zeal,
Could Paul himself, with sweeter tones have
 preached
Of Jesus' dying love, from his own heart,
Or made the wild woods ring with melody
Of song more grateful to the listening heavens ?
He bade the Children of the Forest come,
With bow and arrow, to the feet of Christ,
And drew their minds, amazed, from earth to
 heaven,
With simple truth told of the bleeding cross,
Whereon that wondrous Saviour deigned to die.
Subdued by grace divine, with contrite hearts,
They came ; the painted warrior with his plumes,
The brave, whose knife had scathed a hundred
 scalps,
The young men of their tribes, the wild boy-hunters,
The maidens of the wigwam ;—young and old,
To learn the lesson of Redeeming Love.

That was a scene that stirred ten thousand wings
In Heaven, with sweet celestial ardor fired,
To see on earth a triumph so divine ;
Prophetic gift of his Almighty grace,
Who bade the chariot of salvation roll
Forth from the rising to the setting sun ;
And dawn prelusive of that day of joy
Foreshadowed by the Spirit in those hearts,
That had been watching, through a stormy night,
The promised glorious morning. From the shores
Of Western Europe, fervent men of God
The keepers of their flocks upon the hills,
Looked up and hailed the brightening radiant light,
Sweet prelude of a Baptism of the Spirit
Upon the waiting nations. Then poured forth,
From longing laboring hearts, anew, the prayer,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth,
As it is done in Heaven ! Which, what the words,
Divinely taught, may mean, no tongue can tell,
Nor mind conceive, till God himself take up
His lowly dwelling in the contrite heart,
And with the joy divine of sins forgiven,
Tune the sweet voices of whole tribes at once,
In grateful songs to the Redeemer's praise.
Such blessings strengthen faith ; and prayerful
hearts,
In these rich earnest, by the Spirit taught
The wide expanse of the Prophetic Word,
Plead in their vast extent the Promises,

And with new confidence in Jesus' blood,
Expect the restoration of a world.

When the last trump, that wakes the dead, shall
 sound,
Shattering the forest with its dreadful blast,
A race shall rise beneath these mighty trees,
Their burial place of ages. With them ranked,
And doomed in judgment, rather let me be,
Than drawn with those innumerable files
Of souls, that in the self-same region heard
The invitations of a Saviour's love,
But generation after generation,
Died in their sins, the grace that saves, unknown,
More hardened than the savage. Mother Earth
Covers alike the sons of earth and heaven,
Careful of both, her silent sacred trust,
The ashes of the sinner and the just,
Kept till the last great Resurrection Morn,
When Time shall be no longer. All around,
What depths of soil from centuries of decay !
Deep solitude of many a forest grave,
The human dust as carelessly laid down,
As these decaying, venerable trunks,
Of ages' growth, piled one above another.

Slow wandering in suggestive moral mood,
Beside such products vast of Time and Nature,
Past ages wake, and people all the gloom.

One day is with the Lord as thousand years,
A thousand years are as one hasty day.
Familiar with each other, in profound
Unconsciousness and carelessness of Time,
The processes of life and death go on !
Here, covered deep with vegetable mould,
The giant corpses of the forest world
Sleep, open sepulchred, in mossy shroud.
'Tis life embracing death, death nourishing life,
New trees forever springing, age to age,
Fresh and majestic from the unctuous loam,
To drop their annual pall of withered leaves
Over ancestral, prostrate, mouldering trunks,
A grand, impressive, solemn spectacle !

In the deep heart of such a wilderness,
How stilly fall upon the listening ear
The mingled sounds of nature and of man !
The tramp of cattle through the underbrush,
Leisurely browsing on the fresh young shoots,
Is grateful to the sense of solitude,
Deepened and soothed by such an interruption.
The sound of lowing herds, more distant borne,
The busy hammer, or the swinging flail,
Notes of a cheerful, active industry,
In neighboring hamlets, or the open field ;
The noise of sportsman's gun, or shepherd's dog,
Loud barking, or the crowing of the cock,
Or woodman's axe, or the resounding horn,

Delightful all, bear to the musing mind,
Through the calm air, deep sense of rural peace,
Security, and wide domain of joy.
The soft low gurgle of the running brook,
Against the stones, murmurs the same sweet tones,
By day and night a restless melody :
Beneath the cool impenetrable shade
Of silent trees, the liquid rippling song
Ne'er lost a moment, through the winding course
Refreshing, of the lowly hidden stream.
Such is the music of a quiet heart,
In the glad household, or the calm retreat,
Or on its course of unobtrusive love,
Amidst the chaos of a heedless world.

In such a spot, a playful child, I loved
Among the tresses of the brook to sport,
And watch the darting minnows. In the spring,
We climbed the pines, and with the fragrant bark,
Stripped from the tree, in basket form, brought
home
Delicious ribbons of white jellied juice,
Balmy, and aromatic to the taste.
What happiness to wander through those woods
In autumn, when the hazel-nuts grew ripe,
Or where the groves of spreading beeches hung
Their leafy branches full of rough-burred fruit,
In polished shell triangular and smooth,
With wholesome milky kernel sweet enclosed.

There, too, in wild excitement of delight,
We set our rustic squirrel-trap ; rude box,
Hurtless and safe, contrived to catch alive,
Not kill, nor wound, the nimble little creature.

But ah ! the lingering death of a close cage,
To the free children of this forest life,
Where freedom is the instinct and demand,
As of the lungs for air ! Deny the boon,
And the poor brute, unknowing whence his pain,
In restless yearning wears away and dies.
Poor little innocent slave, condemned to play,
Startled, his active pranks, with hasty feet,
Upon the wired, deceitful, whirling wheel,
At length, perhaps his sport ; but yet, methinks,
'Twere greater love to kill ; for what is life,
Imprisoned in such bondage ? So he asks,
Instinctive reasoning, and with busy teeth,
Gnaws at his prison, mischief-making rogue !

How dear is liberty to life ! How full
Of anguish and despair is life without it !
Dear to the worm, dear to the forest-grub,
Dear to the lark, singing and soaring high,
Dear to the timid wild-fawn, darting by.
'Tis instinct in the brute ; in man 'tis light
Of reason, feeling, thought ; a need of heaven.

It is not labor, that makes life a pain ;
Our daily tasks are kindly ministers,
Of God's own discipline, to set us free
From worse dominion, self-imposed, of sin.
The ministry of patience and of love
Is manly, free ; and honest industry,
Of hand, or heart, or head, or all combined,
Quickens and animates the joyous soul,
Elastic, with new health and strength inspired.
The freeman's work is noble, and his sleep
Sweet, with his prattling children clad and fed,
From toil of his own sinews freely wrought.
'Tis freedom strengthens, and love bears him on.

'Tis not the gift of air enough to breathe,
Nor food to eat, nor couch to lay one's frame,
Tired with the labors of the weary day,
That makes a toilsome life endurable.
What is the sunlight, and the breathing air,
And the supply of hunger, to the slave,
Drooping beneath the sense of his dread doom,
Whipped, threatened, rated, dogg'd, and driven
about,
A chattel, like the horse he drives a-field ?
He gets his peck of meal ; for avarice
Will not give cruelty the guiding hand ;
The planter's hog is fattened by the same
Constraining law of selfish policy.
'Tis slavery's finished work, the conquering curse,

When the man's trampled soul, all hope erased,
No insurrectionary feeling knows,
Nor higher yearning than the well-fed swine.

The prisoned squirrel bites his wooden trap,
Asserts, as plain as teeth can do, his right
To enjoy the freedom of his native woods.
And who denies it? Can the man be found,
To teach him, by perverted holy text,
That if the trap were opened, and the way
Back to his nest untrammelled, he must still
Choose slavery rather, though he may be free?
What lying smooth traducer of God's Word
Dare tell how Paul sent back Onesimus,
And wrote the record for eternal doom,
That every creature must, by Christian law,
Prefer the slave's condition, nor repine,
But once a slave, so shall remain forever!

What code of devilish morals makes it wrong,
If he escape? Poor, trembling fugitive!
Am I his master, by such holy right,
In might inexorable, that he owes
Obedience to my will, and at my word
Must stay, and staying, still confirms the right,
Because I give him food, and shelter him?
Perhaps I build his house with gilded bars,
Spread him a silken rug to sleep upon,
Instead of dry leaves in the open woods,

Or a dark hole beneath some rotten stump.
Is it not costly ? Shall he prove ungrateful ?
Must he not honor me, for such kind care ?
Is he not bound to pay me for my trouble ?
Would it not be a most atrocious theft
Of all he owes me, if he runs away ?
I'll send a marshal for the fugitive.
I'll have the thief, young rascal, though it cost
A thief commissioner, to catch the thief.

The poor fool pleads, you say, the higher law
Of God and Nature for his flight. Indeed !
Who taught him such an arrogant proud reach
Of fancy, and fanaticism here ?
The furry-coated, self-complacent, prim,
Loose moralist, high-flown, like him in the play,
Walks in the clouds, and scorns the powers that be,
Thinking to have got above all ordinance !
The higher law ! We'll prick his bold balloon,
We'll bring him down, we'll teach him soon to
render
Obedience to Cesar as to God.

O damning slavery ! How it blinds the soul !
What slavery so dread, as his to gain,
And bold unrighteous law, who holds the escape
Of the poor slave a crime 'gainst God and man,
And abrogates, by wicked human statute,
The good man's right of love, the Christian's claim,

Mankind's command from God to shelter him,
And speed him in his flight from stripes and
chains !

What bondage and hypoerisy so gross,
As that which, worse than Esau's, for the mess
Of venal pottage, cooked with eager haste,
Denies another's birthright, not his own !
And so corrupts, gangrenes, and bribes the soul,
Palsying the moral sense, that men shall call
The step from slavery to freedom, theft !
Hath history yet a place for shame so deep ?
The page belongs to such a moral Judas.

But the Republic, 'tis averred, must stand :
And that it take no detriment, by law
Of slavery must be preserved in power
Of steadfast union, hurt by every link,
That, broken, lets the fugitive go free.

Oh, venerable form of holy state !
Oh, admirable country, whose whole hope,
Of profitable life hangs on—a slave !
Oh, noble statesmen ! patriotic souls !
Who dare renounce, to save the sinking state,
The law of love, the birthright of mankind,
The truths by which alone fair freedom stands.
Oh, grandest form of self-denying love !
Martyrs to union ! nobly carry on

Your sacrifice of conscience, truth, and right !
Your Spartan mind shall win a bright renown.

Hear him declaim, his country's demigod !
The man of vast, capacious, reasoning mind,
Gigantic brain, strong frame, black, beetling brows,
Packed words, and Demosthenian eloquence.
Confest the first of statesmen, thronging crowds
Admire his eagle gaze and step superb,
And merchant princes watch for his great nod,
As if Jove thundered. Public policy
Is deemed secure, while he is at the helm.
His form majestic, and prodigious brow,
The massive throne of mighty intellect,
Proclaim a natural empire o'er his kind,
And freely 'tis accorded. When he speaks,
Full listening senates hang upon his words,
Strong, sinewy, plain, emphatic and compact,
And the reported logic instant draws
Whole nations for his readers. Wondrous power,
By heaven committed to a mortal tongue,
Needing heaven's guidance, and a sterling heart
Resistless in the pulse of liberty,
Bold and perpetual in its exercise,
Sole on the side of right. If he betray
The trust reposed for freedom, who shall stand ?

The crisis comes ! Th' excited nation waits,
And in the throbbing of its anxious heart

Beats now a deep, foreboding, restless fear,
In solemn, sad, prophetic sympathy,
As if an earthquake wavered through the air.
It comes ! The foremost speaker of the world,
Whose words might rouse an earthquake shout for
freedom,

Beneath all-seeing justice, takes the side
Of the oppressor in behalf of wrong !
'Tis not that wrong is right, but, being set
A fixture in the State, cannot be changed,
Without so great commotion, and expense
Of large material interests, that 'tis passed
By long possession into righteous law.
He pleads that wicked law must be supreme,
And freedom yield her principles to profit,
For the State's benefit, which must have slaves.
'Tis in the unrighteous bond, and being so,
Each hound-like citizen must stand at beck,
Servant of servants, staunch to hunt the slave,
If he escape, with swift alacrity.

His speech draws audience, and a golden meed
Of sweet applause, in palpable plain touch,
From cotton-mongers, proud to save the State,
And keep their consciences from insurrection,
By setting up their principles for sale.
The sophistry prevails, and as a flood,
Let loose among the mountains, sweeping down,
With desolation roars along the vales,
The argument debauches whole domains,

Demoralizing all the public sense
Of retro-active right and present justice.
Repentance, restitution, and reform,
Are inexpedient in so great degree
Attended with such costly sacrifice,
That God doth not require them ! So the heir
Of a huge gainful crime, pockets the price,
And with a brazen conscience fronts the world.
One generation passes to the next
An infamous transaction, and the next,
Shall sanctify the villainy, which stands
No more condemned, but righteous, good, and fair,
Because it is a heritage, and large
Possessions rest upon it, and the peace
And comfort of the State are insecure,
Under too rigid question of the stones,
On which the pillars of our wealth repose.

Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes
Fountains of tears, that I might weep the wrong,
That strikes down Equity by unjust law.
Ye guardians of the State ! Ye powers that be !
Ordained of God for good, your sacred awe,
Your wisdom, your authority, your strength,
Rest in the righteousness of your decrees,
Void and annulled by sin. Your terror stands
For evil-doers, not the friends of God.
Wo to you, and the kingdom you direct,
If ye prescribe unrighteousness, or write

Grievous oppression for the people's guide.
 The hand that placed you high can strike you
 down.

The God that made the State, strikes from the
 web

Of all your policy, the unjust thread,
 As none of his permission or command.
 'Tis cancelled all ; and they who dare obey,
 Dreaming that human law can sanction ill,
 Shall drink the cup of vengeance, when the Judge
 In righteousness shall lay the dreaded line
 And plummet of his Word across the works
 Of their idolatry and blasphemy,
 Who make the law of earth supreme, and choose
 Poor human favor for the applause of heaven.

The day of doom is coming, *their* great day,
 Who here in proud oppression sat secure ;
 The victims of their avarice and pride
 Trampled, meanwhile, in strong, remorseless bond-
 age,
 With fetters locked upon the soul itself,
 To keep their own dominion undisputed,
 A dark, perpetual, hopeless, iron sway.

A little while they triumph in their sin,
 Then pass where nations gather, with the crowd
 Innumerable, drawn from rapid crimes,
 To a deliberate judgment, with vast room

For tracing the development of evil.

A little while they desolate the earth,

But for themselves provide a dreadful store

Of long consuming vengeance, when the right

Is vindicated, and the arm of God

Breaks them in pieces, and with just revenge,

Gives them to drink the cup themselves had
mingled.

The sword drawn forth to pierce the trembling
wretch,

Fleeing from chains and stripes, shall be returned,

As to its proper sheath, into *their* heart,

That brandish it with curses on the poor.

Their wicked plots against the suffering race,

Hereditary objects of their hate,

On their own head shall burst in righteous wrath,

From the great Judge of Nations.

Quiet then,

Not fretful, in impatient angry strife,

O toiling sufferer, pour thy bleeding heart

Into the bosom of that righteous Judge.

Fret not thyself because of evil-doers,

Whose prosperous seeming, scorns, as idle fume,

The prophecy of judgment from on high.

God sees their day is coming. They shall pass,

After short triumph, to eternal woe.

Like an untimely birth before the sun,

As with a whirlwind, living, and in wrath,
They shall be buried, in that day of doom!

For judgment shall return to righteousness,
The slave's low wail, the sighing of the needy,
The longing prisoner's tired, despairing groan,
Have entered, from earth rising, to the ear
Of the Lord God of Sabaoth. What can stay
The reddening cloud of vengeance, if the land
Make idols of its sins, and to them cry
These be thy gods, O Israel! Kiss the calves!
In these thy union and thy safety stand!

God will indict, and strike in fittest time,
Those atheist proud judges, arrogating
Their forms prescribed, of grievousness and wrong,
As sacred by the ordinance of heaven,
And of authority supreme, beyond
Appeal or judgment from the Word divine.
It is the voice of God, not man, they cry,
At every covetous stroke of policy,
That raises favored sins to forms of law,
Sirs, by this craft we have our righteous gain,
We and our children! 'Tis exceeding good,
'Tis wise, 'tis profitable, and it stands,
Ordained by powers, that be ordained of God,
Whose statutes all are thus, by reason clear,
Supreme as God's own will.

Pernicious lies !

Too barefaced, one might deem, for entertainment !
Yet preached and sanctioned in the house of God,
And spreading poison through the infected State.

But judgment shall return to righteousness.
The wicked throne, (though strong with willing
men,)

That frameth mischief by a law, shall have
No fellowship with God, who doth disclaim
Such forgeries of divine authority,
By men enacting wickedness, and stamping
With sealed weight the violence of their hands,
For public use, with blasphemous avowal
That such are counters of the living God.
He will throw back the load of all such guilt,
With all the violent crime that follows it,
Upon the heads of those who dared it first,
And those who lent their purchased consciences,
With full bribed hands, to sanction and sustain it.

Now God be thanked, there is in man a sense
Of Righteousness, not measured by his gains !
Else would the sophistry of profit break,
With its tremendous anaconda coil,
And suffocate the strongest principle,
Breathing, pestiferous, a stifling breath,
Into the man's heart, while it strangles him.
There is a sense of righteousness, sublime,

Omnipotent, the signature within,
And lightning, of the attributes of God ;
A sense of Moral Right, inflexible,
Absolute Righteousness, immutable,
Supreme, eternal, glorious, and divine.
Not all the profit in the universe
Could answer that Idea, nor present
A counterpart of its reality.
Of circumstances never born, but one
With God's essential holiness, it bends
As God's own Law, all circumstantial forms
Of doubt or hinderance in the path of Right,
To its own will and guidance. Drawn from God,
To God and to his living Word it leads,
And by his Spirit there confines the soul.
All conscience were but as a dream absurd
Without the deep foundation of this sense,
Immutable, of everlasting justice.

In awful majesty and power supreme,
It overlooks our Immortality,
Shoots through a darkened world its glaring light,
Measures with piercing ray, and line exact,
Each course of crooked policy, each step
Of present seeming gain, and to the bar
Of what is right, not what is profitable,
With searching inquisition brings the ways,
The laws, the habits, and the life of man,
His public ministries, and private schemes,

His compacts, corporate, or to one confined,
His bonds, oaths, obligations, etiquette,
Political intrigues and measures, past
Into the form of public legislation,
And thrust in place of conscience on the soul ;—
One question only, God and the inmost heart
Ask ever, of all forms conceivable
Of conduct national or individual,
Or laws or plans of profit, Is it Right ?

That question, man shall answer to his God.
If it be wrong, though nations stood upon it,
Wo to his soul, whom selfish policy,
The crooked maxims of dishonest gain,
The fear of man, regard to consequences,
Love of applause, the dread of public scorn,
Or fear of painful singularity,
Persuaded it was right. He makes his gain,
The law of conscience, and the rule of law.
His gains shall bring him to the King of Terrors.
An angry conscience, and the Law of Right,
With fierce, inexorable, scorpion rage,
Shall lash him on with torment, when the Day
Of universal Retribution comes.
The ladders he has raised to climb to power,
Over the prostrate forms of Equity,
And claims of Mercy, trodden in the dust,
Shall be thrown back upon him, with recoil,
And just tremendous anguish grinding him,

To uttermost perdition and despair.
For when did vast oppression ever yet
Release its victims, and, sincere, repent ?
The avaricious thirst of lawless power
Is as the shirt of Nessus to the soul ;
A cankering, poisonous, black, gangrening rust
Of mingled cruelty and love of gold,
That deep within kindles a quenchless fire.
For when the drama ends, and men have played
Their freaks ferocious of tyrannic will
Up to the curtain's fall, and character
With unchanged law has passed to endless fate,
The knotted lash, whose every stroke draws blood,
And lacerates the victim's shrinking flesh,
Would be a grateful and refreshing balm,
To the strong agony of fierce remorse,
The future fountain of o'ermastering pain,
And hell of passion in the oppressor's heart.

'Tis an inexorable form of sin,
Yet wears th' imposing robe of lofty, large,
And self-denying patriotic zeal,
Enthroning mere Expediency and Power,
To rule the public and the private morals.
The daring teachers of this sweeping scheme,
Wholesale, for making villains, bind their vow
Of blind obedience on the trembling victim,
In peril of his living, if he fail,
To crush the rising mutiny of thought.

And keep conviction in the hatches bound,
Trimming his vessel for the appointed course,
To act unquestioning his Party's will.
By unjust human law conscience is throttled,
And thrown before the gilded Car of State,
As if the sacred, heaven-ordained frame
Of civil Polity were built of God,
A rolling Juggernaut, before whose wheels,
The immolation of the deathless sense,
And conscientious awe of right and wrong,
Were the most glorious patriotic gift,
And sacrifice acceptable to Heaven !

Profane and barefaced sophistry ! whose eggs
Break into vipers, or, like festering grubs,
In healthy plants boring a strange disease,
With poisonous secretion deep infect
The Love of Country with a treacherous
Consuming rot of what belongs to Heaven.
Wo to the Nation, hypocrite and base,
Whose fear of God is taught by fear of Man !
Faithful to Cesar by denying God,
Virtue itself is but the child of treason,
The Patriot's oath an act of perjury ;
The Jewish Corban for a Parent's claim,
As righteous in God's sight, nor more abhorred
An Idol's fane, nor swine upon the Altar.

As black ichneumon insects hatch their eggs

In others' nests, to eat up, ravenous,
Once broken into life, all within reach,
These principles of Policy for rule,
Profit and Loss, instead of Right eternal,
Consume within the soul all germs of good,
All possibilities of excellence.
He has no other good, whose god is gain.
A wrathful god, whose wages shall be paid,
With compound interest for the least advance,
Acquired by trespass on the line of Right.

NEMESIS bides her time : all injuries
Shall have their just revenge : the hour must come.
The law of action and reaction, equal,
Immutable, is not more permanent,
Or better known in nature, than the law
Securing retribution for all ill.
No man can injure others, but he hurts
Himself more deeply. Every fraudulent act
Each blow of cruelty, each word of scorn,
Each injury on the feelings, or invasion
Of sacred right in unprotected man,
Each violation of the law of love,
Shall have its retribution, its revenge.

No matter for the color of the skin,
Or the position of degraded caste,
Removed from civilized humanity ;
Serf, Indian, Savage, free, or hired, or bond,

Cannot be injured, but the blow recoils,
In an eternal justice, heaven-ordained.
God makes this known, even in providence,
'Tis one of his grand bulwarks for mankind,
'Gainst man's injustice in a selfish world.
Slowly, yet surely, here the thunder breaks,
In partial, dim development, 'tis true,
In an imperfect state, and therefore proving
A full endurance of results, where life
Is but a long experience of the trains
Of consequences endless, and runs on,
Determined by that vast eternal rule,
What a man sows, that shall he also reap.

Draw near, ye worshippers of Mammon ! Hail !
And know your rich possession ! 'Tis a lease,
Whose terms cannot be broken, nor its end
Forever reached. The payment is secure.
Your debtors may be scattered like the dust,
That waits the resurrection ; but your claims
Shall all be honored, and the bonds all paid.
Ye that have thriven by feeding others' sins ;
Nourished your little ones in luxuries,
The growth of others' guilt, despair, and ruin ;
None of your works are lost, nor your reward
Uncertain nor delayed, but near and sure.
How far removed, by what fair gilded links,
From the calamity may be the cause ;
From you, the spring, to him that drinks the poison,

A river, intermediate, underneath,
Might flow to other regions, might run round
The rolling globe, before one drop of evil
Were tasted by the victim of your trade ;
Yet you and he have met, tempter and tempted ;
Your soul and his, transmitting and receiving,
Are in the bargain whole and principal,
And yours the final reckoning and result.

Ye primal wholesale traffickers in sin !
Who not the bottle, but the punchcon set
Close to your hapless neighbor's thirsty lips !
Your homes are palaces, and your exchange
Is with the merchant princes, by whose books,
And fair certificates, your work of death
Runs on, and is accomplished. Your own hands
Have never touched a cask of your own fire,
Nor drugged a sample. Sober, upright men !
And amiable ! The mixture can't be yours !
Perchance you never visited the hell,
Where the bright liquid flame is sluiced and barred,
That coins your money. And the homes it burns,
The households turned to madness, and the souls
Damn'd for your gain, shrouded in elements
Of passion which your will has set on fire, .
You count not now. Yet these are your estates,
Your harvest, when your work on earth is done,
Your shrinking vats unhooped, your stills uncoiled,
Your palaces and ware-rooms desolate,

And you called forth to encounter, face to face,
And take the curses of the fiends in wo,
You have sent burning through Eternity !

The rolling months have brought to our glad
 hearths
And grateful hearts, the joyful, sweet recurrence,
Once more, of that dear festival of praise,
Set by the Pilgrim Fathers, whose high faith
Made it an annual fixture of our life,
Perpetual as the Indian Summer's sun,
And full bright circle of the Harvest year.
No memory political of man,
Nor name of demigod, nor pagan rites,
Nor questionable form of superstition,
Nor fabulous date, assumed, of large event,
Nor birth of nation, in dim ages past,
Nor reputation of its guardian saint,
Inspired the keeping of that hallowed day ;
But earnest, heartfelt, gratitude and prayer.

Out of the depths of grateful piety,
That loves in all things God to recognize,
And recognizing, name, and naming, praise,
Grew this established custom ; honored, dear,
THANKSGIVING festival of flowing joy !
In the deep soul of love, when the whole State
Was as one family, the day began ;
And by a living love may it be kept,

Long as this earth shall echo with the song
Of a regenerate humanity !

Through the wide world, to the last hour of life,
Sweet are the childish memories of that day,
To the descendants of the Pilgrim Sires,
And sons of loved New England ; memories filled
With thoughts of happy, dear familiar groups,
Of household gatherings kept from year to year,
And greetings at the fireside ; blind man's buff
Played by the noisy children ; and the board,
Spread with a harvest-feast, morn, noon, and night. -
It was a day festive with healthful sports,
And hearty rural cheer, with portions sent
To many a humble dwelling of the poor.
Nor sacred rites excluded, but with grave
High preparation and solemnity,
Midweek, a holy service intervening,
A glad Half-Sabbath in the House of God,
With an unwonted sermon annual heard.
Discussion high of themes political,
In the exalting light poured down from Heaven ;
The lofty calling of a Christian State ;
The precious heritage of Freedom given
By Heaven to Christian sires, with sacred charge
Of duty to transmit it to their sons ;—
Unwonted anthems by the Village Choir,
Practiced ambitious with imposing force,
Of noisy demonstration, heralded,

And followed up the array of stately truth.
Not seldom was the Pastor's patriot zeal
Transmitted by the Press; safe burial-place
For Fast-day and Thanksgiving eloquence.

Such the good cheer at church : the feast at home,
Occasion for the housewife's proudest skill, .
With treasures of God's bounty to the land,
In tempting, generous, rich abundance spread,
Employment gave to all, and crowned the day
A grateful season of o'erflowing joy.

All honor to the homely pumpkin pie !
Albeit unpraised of foreign, or French taste,
Yet to the palate tempting ; capable
Of every grade of luxury, by art
Of seasoning versatile, and flavor new,
But in its wholesome, native sweetness best,
Its ancient, simple, constant qualities.

So passed the festive gladness, bringing back
In short vacation those dear transient guests,
Whom study, care, and business far away
Had banished from the household, yet not weaned
From the simplicity and love of home.
Its power was still upon them, and the seal,
Unbroken, of a mother's fervent love,
Held all united in that sacred bond.
And we, the youngest children of the house,

Exulting in our gifts and dainties then,
And in the fondness of so many hearts,
Welcomed the coming of that happy day.

How full of faith, and patient suffering,
Endured at God's behest, in toil obscure,
The memory of our sainted Pilgrim sires,
Graven in the sacred story of this day !
Disease was wasting them, and pinching want
Made them the easy victims of disease.
All their seed-corn committed to the earth,—
Their whole dependence,—in what absolute,
And prostrate faith, they waited upon God !
Each separate kernel of productive life,
More precious than the fabled jewelled fruit,
Gathered from trees with diamond clusters hung ;
But Power Divine must shelter it, and deign
From death a resurrection manifold.
Weary and sad they waited ;—many graves,
Green sodded, made the burial-place a page
Full of fresh sorrow, and the dead became
More numerous than the living, and despair
Each day grew deeper, as the gazing eye,
Turned eastward o'er the sea, failed of its hope.
No friendly ship, freighted with kind supplies,
Rose on th' horizon ; famine did its work ;
Their knees grew weak with fasting, and they
dropped,
(Their strength unequal to th' attempted task,)

Amid the hillocks of unweeded corn.
And if again the blight was on the fields,
Rotting their unripe harvest, all must die.

And the hot heavens were cloudless, and the sun,
As if in mockery of their toil, poured down
A flood of fire incessant, and the earth,
Dusty and dry, refused its nourishment.

They fasted, wept, and prayed ; and while they
prayed,
The fervent prayer was answered, and the skies
Shed forth their grateful and reviving showers,
To change the face of nature. So they passed
From fear to hope ; and faith continuing firm,
E'en from despair received at length the promise.

And when that harvest spread its golden grain,
Ripe for the reaper's weak and trembling hand,
Emaciate from starvation, then they knew
The mercy of a covenant-keeping God,
Who gives us, day by day, our daily bread.

Seed time and harvest, while the earth remains,
And cold and heat, winter and summer's sun,
And day and night, in kind alternate change,
Are covenanted blessings ; and the bow,
The silent language of the breaking light,
Communing with the tempest, fills the heart
With sweet assurance of a Father's love.

Costly and precious thus, this sacred day !
Day not of superstition, but of faith,
Sweet festival of gratitude and love !
And God be praised who gave it, and hath sealed
Its love and reverence in the children's hearts,
Close fastened with the fathers'. 'Tis his grace,
That sanctifies the boon, and keeps its power,
Kindred with that of his own hallowed day,
That sacred type of consecrated times,
And source of their authority and praise,
Wherever set apart for God and heaven.
Who loves Thanksgiving Day, loved first the Sabbath ;
Day of sweet holiness, and rest, and peace,
Of prayer and praise, communing with the skies
And meditation upon angels' themes ;
Day of redemption, freedom, bliss, and power.

Praise be to God for *that* dear sacred gift,
From tyrants rescued, and the hands profane
Of hierarchies corporate, that trailed
Its holy banners in the dust, abased,
At the mad will of monarchs drunk with pride.
The Sabbath is the safeguard and the tower
Of all our blessings, social and sustained,
Civil, religious, household, personal,
Public and private ; based on heaven's own law,
By faithfulness to which we keep our right
To perfect liberty of thought and word,

And conscientious act towards God or man,
Of worship, or benevolence, or profit,
By tyrant unrestricted, unenforced.
Give God one-seventh, no tyrant can command
One jot or tittle ; conscience in the whole
Is God's, and free ; and thus the Sabbath stands,
By claim of God, the guard divine of man ;
Th' unconquered keeper of his chartered rights,
That none can steal, corrupt, or hide away ;
God's bridle on the oppressor, where the soul,
By the seventh link of time, joins all to heaven.

'Tis the controlling, regulating power
Of all our life, harmonious, well-arranged ;
The pendulum of years redeemed for God,
In hearts and households, and a living state,
Set right for him, and running at his will,
The mighty swing, and motion all divine,
That regulates the complicated clock,
Otherwise useless, of the social frame ;
The law of organized society,
That cannot wisely be arranged without it,
Nor turned to God, nor animate with heaven,
Nor saved from discord, and perpetual ruin.
If we profane it, with it we are lost.
If we preserve it, by its power we stand.
'Tis dear to heaven, and heaven's all-ruling King,
For whom we keep the Sabbath, will descend,
And from it, the Shechinah of his love,

Will thunder forth protection to his friends,
And by his conquering Word subdue his foes.

Autumnal Life ! How sadly are its shades
With melancholy softness round us thrown !
And in the forest-walks, and through the glades,
The curled and rustling foliage, thick bestrewn,
Murmurs a solemn language, not its own.
The day is like a robe of pensive thought,
Or spotless, sacrificial, holy veil,
A consecrating robe o'er all the earth.
Silent and still, as if a thoughtful soul
Possessed the breathing air, all nature lies.
From the mild sky a dream-like radiance falls,
Soft through the solemn brooding atmosphere.
The noontide glory of the sun, subdued,
In silvery, shadowy haze, distant suffused
With purple tints, spreads o'er the embrowned
hills,
Piled high in grand majestic repose.
The birds are silent ; not a note is heard ;
But the pert squirrel trolls his chirrup forth,
And plaintive cricket whistles his sad fife.

How quickly now the fitful wind unroofs
The groves, so late our place of noontide rest,
Or quiet evening and sweet morning walks,
So many months impervious to the sun,
Not a leaf loosened by the strongest gale !

Pensive to-day, with thin and mottled boughs,
The trees receive the kisses of the wind,
And every breath scatters a thousand leaves.
Hark ! how the murmur sweeps the extreme edge
Of the sere forest ! 'Tis as if a gale
Swept from the sea. And yet, the gentlest breeze
Could not more sweetly stir the noontide air.
And as an angel, spreading his soft wings,
Enfolds an infant cherub to its rest,
The quiet atmosphere lays gently down
Her dying foliage upon Nature's breast.

These gentle lessons tell us we must die.
The Day transmits them to the dusky Eye,
Whose shadows fall, so softly from the sky ;
Evening repeats them to the solemn Night,
That shrouds the landscape with mysterious hush
Of expectation, and deep brooding thought,
Till the moon rises, and the mist that lay,
Invisible, above the dewy grass,
Turns to a silvery whiteness, and the frost
Glitters serenely, till the morning ray.

From youth to age, we die before we change ;
The summer verdure changes, ere it dies.
We die, that we *may* change. Our brightest hues
Come first, then settle into sober age,
And when our leaves fall from us, the death-frost
Loosens not them, but us. Another soil

Receives, translated, all that could not die,
Where plants take root immortal, and blood *et*,
By crystal streams, with verdure ever new,
And sacred fruitage, in eternal Life.

4*



BOOK IV.

LEAF-LESSONS, AND HOUSEHOLD
PRINCIPLES.

ARGUMENT.

Autumnal Forest changes.—Variety and splendor of the hues.—The sober evergreens contrasted.—Leaf-lessons.—Color in character must spring from life.—Genuine and superficial worth contrasted.—The life of knowledge and the rule of education.—Political atheism divorcing truth from God.—Our only security, in God's Word.—The antique spirit of faith and household discipline.—Childhood of Edwards, and his love of nature.—Foreign importations of evil.—The first fire in Autumn.—Fires in the woods.—Intimations from Nature as well as Scripture, of a general conflagration.—Forebodings of the Judgment.—Power of conscience, and only refuge of the soul.

B O O K I V .

Ere yet the fitful, melancholy winds,
Following the Frost's first silent ministry,
Have stripped the Forests of their bloom, and laid
The leaves to mingle with the moistened soil,
In the year's closing life how beautiful
The prophecy of death, in brilliant play
Of colors like the expiring Dolphin's change !
'Tis strange to mark the fond and farewell love,
The busy, fluttering tenderness and care,
With which sad Nature decks her splendid shroud,
For the year's dying glories. Brighter hues,
More various, and of rapid nightly change,
To meet the morning sun, Art could not weave,
Nor Poet's rich imagination dream.
A lovely sight, but evanescent all,
Like gorgeous, solemn, funeral pageantry,
With purple gilded pall, and nodding plumes,
In slow procession sweeping to the grave.

Now gleam the Forests in the evening sun,

With thousand glittering dyes of changeful shade,
A few days deepening, till the landscape glows
With scarlet, green, and gold, vermilion pale,
Crimson, and brown, and orange, and the hue
Of richest Tyrian purple, deep, intense.
A splendid scene, but in its gayest form,
And glittering profusion, swift decay
Presaging still ; the work of Death, not Life,
Of chilling Frost, not kindly native heat ;
Yet burning like the quick, consumptive fire
Of hectic fever in the wasting frame ;
The pale cheek flushing with unusual glow.

Who now shall count the varying forms of light,
And blending colors, in ten thousand shapes,
And families of trees, shrubs, grasses, flowers ;
Maple, and oak, and elm, the spreading beech,
The broad majestic sycamore, the birch,
And towering linden, with its cloud of foliage,
All yielding to the transformation strange,
In rich, contrasted, mazy tints bedecked.
The ash, with starry foliage, purple dyed,
The dogwood, every leaf an amethyst ;
Sumach, with crimson scroll, and scarlet flower,
Thick tufted, richer than Arabia's plumes ;
The walnut, with its glossy, golden leaves,
Flushed glittering, like the gleaming evening sky ;
All these and more, intoxicate with hues,
Profuse, intense, and intermingled all,

As showers with thousand rainbows, till the woods
 Seem like a cloud of Birds of Paradise
 Startled, and rising in united flight.
 All hues of every color, shade on shade
 As if the sun looked through a forest hung
 With golden flowers, and ruby or jasper fruit,
 With foliage wrought of twilight, or the rays
 Of flame metallic on an emerald sky,
 Each tree forth flinging, to the evening breeze,
 Its banners of fantastic trailing light,
 Till the whole forest seems a waving prism.

The maples soonest change, most sensitive
 To earliest touch of Frost, but hold their leaves
 Glittering, baptized with red and gold, the longest.
 The oaks, like veteran proud field marshals, gleam
 In scarlet regimentals. O'er the woods,
 In their deep masses scanned, crimson and gold
 Meet frequent, but a dark prevailing hue
 Of mingled brown and purple veils the scene.
 Meanwhile a pale, autumnal, smoky haze
 Subdues the gorgeous glitter of the air,
 And speaks a sober warning of decay.

Midst all this carnival of masks and hues,
 The evergreens in deeper beauty shine,
 Dark, permanent, unchanging. Round the woods,
 The solemn fir, with sombre, massive verdure,
 The ragged, wildered, and fantastic hemlock,

The clean and fragrant spruce, with silver buds,
The wavering, whispering, meditative pine,
The juniper, with pencilled foliage soft,
And graceful beauteous cedar, thoughtful stand,
As gravely wondering at such motley show
Of mighty forests, beautiful, but strange.
The sight that, transitory, gleams attractive,
So gay and novel,—lasting, could not please.
A trick in Nature's wild kaleidoscope,
Fantastic, it arrests the eye delighted,
Much wondering at the quick and magic change,
And while we say how beautiful ! 'tis gone.
The woods deep redden in the October sun,
Then shower their faded foliage on the gales.

There's many a moral lesson in these leaves.
Color must grow from life ; art cannot paint
The character with virtue, nor bestow
Accomplishments that live from vital force
Of inward being, if they live at all.
The ostentatious rivalry of shows
Forbodes a withering poverty. Sweet Nature
Ne'er quits her unobtrusive, grateful green,
To wear the many-hued Autumnal robe,
But as of Winter and of Death precursor.
A few bright days she plays the Harlequin,
Not her accustomed wont, then drops the mask,
And in the garb of Winter rules the year.

All genuine worth is lasting, but the show
 Of gaudy, adventitious circumstance,
 The livery of imitative souls,
 Argues the want of native nobleness,
 Relying on external pomp and pride.
 That which is strange, far-fetched, unnatural,
 The use and love of foreign ornaments,
 Presages or accompanies the loss
 Of native loveliness, the quick decay
 Of simple, noble, heart-felt, home-born power.
 The schools, ambitious, superficial, crowd
 Their pupils, unprepared, undisciplined,
 Handed from task to task, confused, involved,
 In whirl of various accomplishments,
 Forgotten like the mazes of a dance.
 By dint of mouth stretched wide, and throat
 distent,
 The voice with persevering squall is trained,
 In false, high-screaming, imitative notes
 Of operatic music, with the rage
 Of lisping French, while English is unknown.
 Italian must be learned, and Dante scanned,
 While Milton is neglected. The sweet grace
 Of modest mien, and shrinking gentleness,
 Is out of place ; the manner rude at heart ;
 The timid grace of genuine feeling lost
 In affectation of familiar ease,
 And early habit of society.
 The heart is seared and withered ; education,

Affected, ostentatious, fashion-bred,
Not home-born, nor parental, forms the mind.
Our children, set to learn from foreign priests,
Or ladies of the Heart of Mary's Love,
Because 'tis liberal, and the French is new,
Smit with romantic tenderness, at length
Run to confessional, and take the veil.

Where are the Mothers for a coming race,
So noble, manly, honest, incorrupt,
That it can keep the bright inheritance
Of freedom, independence, piety,
Industrious life, warm hearts, and homely manners,
Transmitted from our Fathers? Sacred Trust!
Which, who would keep, themselves must trust in
God,
And guard forever, as the primal law
Of a just education, His blest words,
Who drew young children to his arms, and said,
Suffer the little ones to come to me!
Who dare forbid the process, or warn off,
With intermeddling bigotry and scorn,
The artless prattlers, that, approaching, claim
Their birth-right from the Saviour! Let them hear
Those winning tones of tenderness and grace,
And feel the influence of that sacred love,
A happy presence in each mental mood,
Casting a beam of heaven upon the way,
As the sweet light of childhood's daily life,

Through every path of knowledge. So their school
 Shall be the place where guardian angels dwell,
 And in the atmosphere of Love divine,
 Each rudiment of natural truth shall wear
 A dear familiar grace, a sacred air,
 Breathed round the unconscious learner, taught
 of Christ.

The stamp of a divine relationship,
 Not separate from God, but sealed of heaven,
 With meaning sacred as his own blest word,
 Is on fair Nature's vast intelligence,
 Upon the same commission for the soul ;
 And from the first, in the bright web of thought,
 Begun in childhood's curious, mental loom,
 With ceaseless play of question working on,
 The threads of natural science and revealed
 Should run together in the same design
 And demonstration of a present God.
 Behold the lilies of the field, and learn
 Who clothed their forms with beauty, and came
 down
 Himself from heaven to earth, and took the text
 Of his own sermons from his lowliest works.
 And ever thus, the truths of God's own Word,
 And Nature's teachings, sweetly wrought in one,
 By right belong, united, to the soul.

Who then shall dare divorce them ? Who
 presume

To shut the page of science from the light
And life of Him who gave it ? Who forbid
The record of His Name, his attributes
Pervading, shining, omnipresent, fair,
In every syllable of learning taught,
E'en from the earliest intellectual dawn ?
The lisping infant's wooden A B C,
The page with rude engravings syllabled,
Of houses, ships, domestic animals,
The pictured card, big-lettered on the wall,
And childhood's first attempt at perfect words,
And earliest baby sentences, may bear
A moral message. Blind must be the soul,
An atheist fool's, the heart, that would proscribe,
And exorcise the light of truth divine,
(As if it were a bigoted intrusion,
Or emanation of sectarian zeal,)
From aught of letters, or of natural sense,
Or Nature's teaching, in the simplest class
Of universal childhood. Crude and curst
The bigotry that mocks at God's own light,
And to the angel of his sacred Word,
E'en in the play-ground of the village school,
Teaches the children, with precocious rage
Of hoary infidelity to cry,
Go up, thou baldhead, go ! The State is vexed
With diabolical cant of such malign
Hypocrisy and hatred of a God,
Assuming, from regard to liberal, large,

And unsectarian views, to shut out heaven,
 Exclude its holy light, shroud its bright orbs,
 The life and guide of all our truthful vision,
 And in earth's dungeons cultivate the soul !

The blind, with aching eye balls, madly cry,
 Shut out the light, the source of all our pain !
 Their leaders, blindfold cry, shut out heaven's
 light !

And demagogues, monopolizing, claim
 To manufacture truth more Catholic,
 Sugared with poison, and stuck round with votes.
 Shut out the Word of God, and we can clamp
 Opinion on the people at our will.
 Men's conscience in the keeping of their priests,
 And truth divine forbidden, we are safe,
 And can make shambles of the common schools
 To fit the poor for slaughter ! Thus the Word
 Celestial, that blest law of liberty,
 Must be proclaimed sectarian, and disowned
 Of conscience universal, which admits
 No lesson of religion for its guide,
 Nor truth from heaven for all, if one object !

And this is Freedom ! Anxious and distress,
 Convulsed with horrid hydrophobic rage,
 If but a cup, drawn from the crystal stream
 Of Life, forth issuing from the Throne of God,
 Stand where an artless child can reach and drink.

The Free Academies, and People's Halls,
Must be embargoed, and the truth warned off,
With ban political, and watch-dogs set,
Deep-mouthed, to bay at every holy text
And whisper of the gospel! Such the cure,
Bethesda, and Millenium of our souls!
The Panacea for the festering sores
Of guilt, corruption, ignorance, and crime,
Deep gendered in the vitals of the State!

Sage legislators for the People's good!
Your wisdom who dare question, while ye bid,
With supercilious sneer and large survey,
The Saviour stand aside, and Science prove
Her province and commission to redeem
The mind from all its blindness, and her power,
(Cleared from all mixture of divine alloy,)
To bless and renovate a sinful world!
Thou Sun, withdraw thy beams, while these vain
fools
Light up their winking tapers, for the gas
Is their prerogative, their perquisite,
Of corporate office and monopoly,
But in the rays of heaven it cannot shine.

What deadly enmity to all that's dear,
And precious in the heritage of Freedom,
Bought by our fathers, and baptized in blood!
He that is traitor to his Country's God,

Is traitor to his Country, whose defence
 Is in the strong arm and believing heart
 Of men that, fearing God, fear nothing else.
 Dear native land ! thy freedom is the truth,
 Received from Him, thy lasting, sure defence,
 Thy law of life, God's charter in the soul.
 There kept, a world in arms could not subdue
 Thy courage, nor defraud thee of the right.
 What God hath given, God keeps, and He alone.
 Faith in his Word destroyed, thy liberty
 Is but an empty boast, the song of slaves.
 Thy stocks consulted as thy guardian god,
 What courage can remain, what noble aim ?
 Sappers and miners are at work beneath !
 Thine enemies, unnoticed and secure,
 Pass on with secret, deadly, deep design,
 Corrupting and preparing thee for bondage.
 The love of pleasure may destroy the State,
 No enemy could conquer, and the base,
 Decrepit greed of gain palsy the heart,
 And lust of power break up the liberties,
 The best appointed armies could not shake.

'Tis not the lack of knowledge, but the scorn,
 Rejection and neglect of Truth Divine,
 That will bring down the dreadful threatened doom,
 By which the nations perish. The recoil
 Of moral causes hath a forward spring,
 Avenging mischief by its own complete

Development, and uttermost success.
God's retribution for the fathers' guilt,
Upon their offspring visited, is plain,
The natural law of reaping what is sown.
Themselves prepare the whirlwind for their sons.
If thou forget for them the law of God,
He will forget thy children, and will change
Thy glory into shame. Thy throne of power,
Thy freedom, thy security, thy strong,
Incessant growth, the work concentrated,
Of ages in a day, shall swiftly fail,
And perish at the Word thou hast despised.

Oh, rather than the heartless reign of Fashion,
The upstart pride of gain, the servitude
Of luxury, and desire of endless wealth,
Bring back the rudeness of the straitened past,
The old laborious forms of social life,
The unworldliness of simple-minded men,
Little desiring, and possessing less.
Nay, bring the actual daily want and peril
Of the first settlers of our native land ;
The rough unsheltered hamlets in the heart
Of unfelled forests vast, with savage tribes
To school the household with perpetual fear,
Nor other lessons taught, but those of strong
Maternal love, God's Word, and daily prayer.
Or, in one generation's short remove
From the hard wrestlings of the Pilgrim life,

Bring back those rural districts, villages,
 And rising towns, with rudimental schools,
 Of plain, unvarnished truth, and manners still
 By foreign importations undisturbed,
 Of lies, and luxuries, and sanctioned sins.
 The public weal stood then in truth and virtue.
 Laws were in equity and justice framed,
 For righteousness, not profit, nor intrigue
 Of artful bidders for official power.
 God's Word was the supreme unquestioned rule
 Of public as of private policy.

The people all were neighbors, though not nigh;
 Yet better far, kinder, and more familiar,
 And knit with closer fellowship and love,
 Than crammed in city courts, and narrow streets,
 Crowded in space, distant in enmity,
 Unknowing and unsympathizing each,
 In others' wants, or woes, or happiness.
 The household life was sacred with the light
 Of pure domestic love and Christian truth.
 The Catechism and the Primer formed
 A knot and circle of celestial themes,
 Incomprehensible in length and breadth,
 And suitable for mightiest, vastest minds,
 Instead of infantile intelligence,
 Yet mixt with simplest truth, pure, sweet, and fresh,
 Strong meat indeed for babes, but genuine milk
 By no means wanting, and foundations laid,

Whereon, in age mature, the being rose
To grasp of thought, wide reach, and grandest view
Of mountain truths, cloud-capped, and lost in
heaven.

Such infant questions, with the breath of prayer
Mingled, and by maternal piety,
Sweetly imbued and tempered, trained the mind
Of Edwards, grappling, in its strength mature,
The abstrusest mysteries of free will and fate ;
Yet ever through the deepest gloom upborne
On wings of ardent, pure, seraphic love,
And following, single-eyed, the Word Divine.
Unrivalled intellect, and childlike heart !
Submissive, patient, humble, gentle, mild !
What comprehensive generalizing power,
What metaphysic skill intuitive,
And abstract faculty, intense and deep,
Keenly to analyze, and strict pursue,
To the last verge, the subtlest trains of thought !
A Poet unsuspected, and deep read,
And filled with love of Nature, he would trace,
While yet a boy, with curious grave intent,
The geometric problems diagram'd,
Across the trees upon the shadowy air,
By Forest Insects, with their fresh bright webs
Waving and glittering in the dewy light
Of a September morning ; then note down,
With careful thought, th' appearance, and the cause.

Beneath the open sky, and in the fields,
And shady wild-wood walks, he loved to trace
The glorious majesty and grace of God,
Sweet, awful, omnipresent, and divine.
He heard the music of the spheres, and sung
In low ecstatic voice, his answering hymn
Of quiet adoration, joy, and praise.
Upon the mind thus sensitive, devout,
And watchful unto prayer through every mood,
The sacred Spirit breathed by Nature's forms,
A rapturous intelligence and sense,
That like the written Word, divinely proved
The medium of communion sweet with Heaven.
He saw, he felt, creation's frame sublime,
The solitary woods, the sky, the clouds,
The moon, the sunset, and the lovely stars,
The grass, the flowers, the softly running brooks,
The storm, the thunder, and the lightning, all,
Filled with the glory of a present God.
'Twas bliss, to whisper forth his holy name !
'Twas heaven on earth to praise him for his love !
Nought seemed so lovely as the humblest, meek,
Contented soul, enlightened by his grace.
In light and peace, the gentle praying heart
Seemed like the little white flower in the spring,
Lowly and humble on the enamelled ground,
Rejoicing in its rapture, calm and sweet,
Peaceful and loving, in the midst of flowers,
All opening, fragrant, to the pleasant sun.

How happy is the man who walks with God !
The sweet experience of a holy soul,
Finds joy and bliss in all things, and pours forth
Heaven's inward radiance on the outward world.
What strength sublime, when such the native growth
Of the whole people's household discipline !
The consecrating power of faith and prayer
That brooded as a cloud o'er all the home,
Moved as a bright Shechinah through the land.
No mischief then, nor waste, nor violence,
Nor robbery, nor wrong, was felt, nor feared.
Crime was so strange, and wide-spread confidence,
From part to part, so ruled the social state,
That day and night each house protected stood,
Nor needed bolts nor guns to prove secure.
A lifted latch opened the unbarred door,
Even at midnight, and the household all,
Serenely slept, from Guilt's intrusion free.

Now rather than the luxury and vice
Of old, decaying European life,
Whose light is a phosphoric rottenness,
Would that th' Atlantic wave had rolled a gulf
Of stormy sea, unbridged except by months
Of toil forlorn, and dangerous navigation,
Between this western and the eastern world.
We take the sweepings of society,
In worn-out monarchies, corrupt, diseased,
With plagues a hundred generations old.

The flying ships pour forth a legion swarm
Of houseless beggars, grim, unprincipled,
Or gamblers come to hazard their last throw,
Burglars, and villains from the rod of justice,
And pandars to all forms of sensual vice,
And reckless, shameless, low debauchery.
Base men from Christian States, who never knew,
Nor cared for Christian Sabbaths, rush like swine,
To trample on the sacred pearls of Truth,
The fixtures long revered, of Christian Life,
Our quiet, hallowed, Sabbath usages.
They make God's Day a jubilee of sin ;
Set up their reeking shambles for the soul,
In groves than Moloch's worse, with temples where,
In bold contempt alike of God and man,
They pour the streams of deep damnation round.
What State can onward hold its prosperous course,
Its high example, and its moral worth,
Its vital strength, beneath such ravages ?
What people keep intact their virtuous fire,
Their purity, stability, and peace,
Their energies of freedom and of life,
Unconquered, with such vampire forms of death,
Leeching their vitals ? If the curse go on,
Not all th' abounding commerce of the globe,
Nor Science deep, nor sage Philosophy,
Nor Art, nor ribs of Californian gold,
Can save the country from wide-wasting ruin.

And yet, the ways of Nature still the same !
Her loveliness attractive to the soul,
Her plenteous harvests to the varied sense,
Her bounteous hand unchanging through the year,
And rain and sunshine from a Father's love,
Upon the just and unjust kindly falling.
A monster of ingratitude is man !
The very brutes are drawn, intelligent,
In mute, but grateful feeling, to the hand
Of the rough heedless swain that feedeth them.
But hardened, thoughtless, prayerless, sinning man,
Snatches the gifts of God's parental care,
And, covetous of more, appropriates all,
With curses on the Giver's sacred name !

How pleasant, when the season calls, once more,
The scattered household round a blazing hearth,
Glowes the first social fire, companion dear
Of solitude, or sweet conversing circle !
Whether a driving desolate cold rain
Beats on the well-closed shutters, or, of late,
The starry sky glitters with northern gleam
At evening, while the Frost, with silent touch,
From sparkling air serene, like flash electric,
Crisps the last autumn flowers, and o'er the grass
Drops a soft, silvery, dewy-fretted veil,
Each blade with hoary rime enamelling.
Morning and evening, friendly to the sense
Of grateful comfort, and of household bliss,

The clear wood fire burns brightly. Seems itself,
 Joining in morn or nightly worship there,
 A silent listener in the happy group,
 Drawn round its pleasant blaze. The ashes fall,
 How silently, attractive of deep thought,
 And the sap sings in harmony a note
 Responsive to the cheerful hissing urn,
 That from the book or busy needle calls
 The social circle to the evening meal.

The days grow shorter now ; the cold gray dawn
 Lingers reluctant in the dreaming East,
 With nipping chillness in the atmosphere,
 Yet cordial, clear, and bracing in its tone.
 The air of early morning strikes the sense
 Like salutation of an old dear friend,
 Long tried, serene, and steadfast. Slowly now
 The rising sun strikes through the frosty mist,
 With cheerful warmth and brightness, and the day
 At noon presents the enchanting loveliness,
 Of the sweet Indian Summer's transient reign,
 Mingling the mildness of an early Spring,
 With the last breath of Autumn. Lovely scene,
 Of quiet saddening beauty, like the strains
 Of melancholy music through the night,
 Or distant song, floating across the sea,
 Or mountain echo, dying far away.

How exquisite the language of the light,

And of each quality of form and shade,
In slow, progressive, gradual, ceaseless change,
From morn to eve, from twilight to the dawn,
From month to month, through each revolving
season !

Happy, who can discern, though but in part,
The permeating power of hidden causes,
And motion of each secret living spring,
With thousand imperceptible soft tones
Of voice and color blending delicate
The native idioms of the rolling year !
An elemental soul breathes o'er the sense,
As in this day of such entrancing beauty,
With finest subtle influence, as of thought,
Revealing in each transitory month
Of Summer, Autumn, Winter, and the Spring,
A character distinct as that in minds ;
The secret mystery of each brooding season
In some selected day concentrating
Its whole and varied effluence for the type
Of its peculiar loveliness and power.
What wondrous combinations of design,
And hidden harmony significant,
Developed in the touches of the air
Upon this mortal frame intelligent,
O'er which, as on a harp of finest strings,
All nature plays her music for the soul ;
Never in more profoundly thoughtful strains,
Than in the changes of the dying year.

Each season hath its grace, each month its power,
 Its idiomatic dialect, and tone,
 A beauty and a meaning of its own,
 Its private signals of suggestive thought,
 For each observant meditative soul.

Now frosty nights and gusty days successive
 Sweep rapidly the fading woodlands bare ;
 The garden walks are filled with withered leaves,
 Strewn by the eddying winds, and playful stirred,
 Fluttering and rustling in the forest paths.
 How like the riches of an orient elime,
 The fragrant quince trees hang their golden fruit,
 Clustered amidst thick foliage, dark and green,
 Not one leaf fall'n or faded. Here and there,
 A clump of apple-trees in homely guise,
 Antique and rough, attracts the roving eye,
 Naked of leaves, but with ungathered fruit,
 Still mellowing on the aged mossy boughs,
 Bright, ruddy, tempting, latest of the year.
 The riches of the fields are not yet housed.
 Among the dry husks of the standing corn,
 Big, yellow pumpkins shine on withered vines,
 In the bare trampled furrows. O'er the scene
 A lazy, listless spell predominant
 Hangs like a trance of dreaming life diffused.

The distant woods now smoke with raging fires,
 Set careless for the clearing. But the steed

Oftimes escapes his master ; and the flame,
Kindled at first for use, licks up whole forests,
Crackling and hissing in a sea of fire,
Whose waves, high-crested, toss their burning foam,
And direful desolate the country round.
At midnight fiercely glares the whole horizon.
Earth roars and trembles like a wide volcano.
O'er fences, farms, roads, trenches, vales, and hills,
The flames leap revelling, like lunatic,
Broke loose from rock-ribbed cell and iron fetters.
With maddening haste, and strong terrific fury,
The fiery whirlwind sweeps devouring on,
The wealth of countries shrivelling as a scroll,
The growth of ages prostrate in an hour.

When the wide globe is burning, who shall stand?
The doom is fixed, the coming day of God,
That dreadful day of wrath, swift, sudden, near,
When least expected by a trifling world.
Atheists shall scoff, and ask, blaspheming, where
The boasted promise of His coming? Lo!
All things remain as in their primal form,
And shall to endless time, as now, endure,
To-morrow as to-day, but more abundant,
By new device of pleasure and of sin.

But when earth's revelling millions dream secure,
In storm of fire shall burst the dreaded morn!
Shrouded in sheets of flame, all nature reels.

All things on earth shall be dissolved with fire,
 The heavens with hideous noise shall pass away,
 The universe shall melt with fervent heat.
 Ocean, and earth, and air, one vortex vast,
 Englobed, of self-consuming elements,
 In general conflagration shall expire.
 'Tis the behest of Him who made the world,
 And garnished it with loveliness for man.
 This cradle of his being, when the frame
 Hath served its purposes of discipline,
 May well be laid aside, if God shall choose
 To furnish forth these heavens with other worlds.

Nor hath he left to dim intelligence
 Of human thought to guess the great design,
 Which mind created never could have scanned ;
 But in his written volume plain set down,
 It stands among the firm decrees revealed,
 Of wisdom infinite and power divine ;
 And being so revealed, there are not wanting,
 In nature and in providence, some signs,
 The counterpart of such stupendous truth,
 The witnesses for such sublime disclosures.

Far in the untrodden realms of boundless space,
 Where science wings her theoretic flight,
 The soul, awe-stricken at the solemn view,
 Has watched the glow of planet-worlds on fire,
 A few nights reddening in the mighty deep,

Then glimmering pale, and from their native sky
Forever disappearing. By such light,
Prodigious, awful, of extinguished worlds,
The silent universe unfolds God's plan,
And orbs of power divine illustrative,
May prophesy sublime th' Almighty's will.

Man may deny the manner, but the vast
And dread reality of judgment holds
The soul beneath its brooding certainty,
Convinced, unquestioning, without, within.
'Tis fear, not disbelief, persuades a doubt.
The troubled conscience thunders. Men may sleep,
But still the dreadful sound is in their ears.
The dwellers by the sea heed not the roar
Of its unceasing billows. Inland far,
The thunder of the cataract is lost
On the insensible accustomed ear,
Close on its mighty verge. Habit subduces
And veils attention, as if sense were deaf.

Beneath those restless warning prophecies,
Powers of the world to come, whose voice divine,
Constant and deep, broods ceaseless o'er the soul,
The din of business, and the fitful strife
Of eager, feverish passion, may repress
The moral consciousness and listening sense,
But the foreboding angry wail is there,
And slow reluctant muttering of the storm.

The distant gathering clouds roll on apace,
 Gloomily booming o'er the troubled surge
 Of man's immortal being, fearfully,
 And wonderfully made. The thought of God,
 Though 'mid the noise and revelry of sin,
 Expelled and dreaded by the guilty mind,
 Beats like a gong in subterranean caverns,
 A never-ceasing, solemn, muffled roar,
 Beneath the secret chambers of the soul.

The questioners of God's Omniscient Being,
 Though fools at heart, cannot deny their own
 Affirming mind, themselves o'ermastering ;
 Or if they do, Conscience upbraids the lie.
 And oft, in seasons of prophetic sense,
 Inwardly active, answering to the flame
 Of the eternal pyre before them burning,
 They read incaustic scripture on their souls,
 Intuitive and undeniable,
 Responding to the very words of God.

Over the deep foundations of our being,
 In immortality and consciousness
 Of duty and accountability,
 The sea of feeling and belief rolls on,
 Swayed to and fro by bright celestial orbs
 Of truth divine, incessantly impelling
 The restless answering tides of thought profound.

Powers are before us, whose dim rising forms
Need only the advancement of a step
Within the line of Faith's enlightened vision,
And all things else are vanity and weakness.
We sit as children in a darkened room
Waiting and whispering, till the curtain rises,
Unveiling sudden to the awe-struck sense,
Some bright transparency, or solemn show.
'Tis dark and gloomy here, for unbelief
Draws its black pall before us, and around,
Suggesting evil, and with mournful hue,
The promises themselves in sack-cloth veiling.
Our sins have gone before, and hid themselves,
As midnight murderers to await our coming,
Behind the lonely way we have to travel,
Sure at the appointed signal to break forth,
And plunge their daggers in us. Even now,
Faces scowl on us from the darkness, known
By the dread sense, that tells us they are there.

Most men inhabit, as a rayless dungeon,
This vestibule of their eternal being.
What is beyond, they see not, nor can tell,
If, when the veil is lifted, they shall know,
As their own endless habitation there,
A world of love and glory infinite,
Filled with the bliss of God, or pass at once
To depths of terror and despair in guilt,

Unchanged, unchangeable, to weep and wail
Heaven lost, hell realized, in endless wo !

Powers of the world to come, immutable !
What dreadful, vast, and grand significance,
Attends your rising on th' immortal mind !
Your strong command, your adamantine hold,
Upon the soul of man through all its depths,
Resides in an eternity disclosed,
Infinite bliss, or woe unchangeable.

The Infinite, Immutable, Eternal !
Names of the glorious attributes of God,
Exponents of our future destiny !
To what a depth from immortality
To brutishness and madness man must pass,
To keep at bay those awful powers of thought,
To stand unmoved amidst such presences,
Insensible to all the solemn weight,
Of all those boundless, vast, and dread ideas,
By which the soul, excited, warned, and roused,
Is purified, and raised from earth to heaven.
The merest, maddest vanities of time
Outweigh the interests of eternity.
'Tis nearness gives importance to the view.
Shadows outrun the substance, and deceive
The soul that dwells beneath them. Present
things,
Expel the glories of celestial worlds,
To which the god of this world blinds the mind,

And veils it from the glory of the Cross.
The basest shilling held before the eye,
Shall shut the visible heaven and earth from sight.
As in the glasses of the telescope
A single fly, imprisoned, unobserved,
Covers the orb of day, so shall the soul
In its whole vast horizon be confined
Within th' experience of earthly sense,
That burdens, shrouds, and suffocates the mind.
Th' immediate interest of to-day held close,
Or joy of sensual revels hard pursued;
The eager hunter rides o'er heaven and hell.
God, Christ, Eternity, with all the forms
Of worship or of warning from the skies,
No more prevail to arrest his headlong course,
Than cobwebs, floating in the morning air,
Or dewy net-work on the sparkling grass,
Can trip the steed careering through the fields.

Yet, when he pleases, God can point one word,
Till then repeated by the careless soul,
With scorning, or profoundest unconcern,
As a sharp arrow to the inmost heart.
Then is the curtain lifted, and the gates,
Before fast barred, fly open, as the key
In God's own hand, with skill inscrutable,
Touches each bolt, and in the armed mind,
By wards and springs invisible, commands
Entrance and access for eternal things,

That now come sweeping on th' amazed soul,
 Like bannered armies thronging. Then are stirred
 The ocean tides tumultuous of the being,
 While consciousness of guilt, and gloomy dread
 To meet a holy, just, offended God,
 With deep conviction of the coming doom,
 Drive to the verge of madness or despair
 The sinner, unprepared to see the Judge,
 Whom without holiness no man can see,
 Or know, unsprinkled with the blood of Christ,
 But in experience of consuming fire.

For who, in guilt can bear Jehovah's presence,
 Or meet the blazing glories of his throne?
 Whole cities have poured forth in agony,
 Their wailing multitudes, when God came near;
 When earthquakes, comets, or the sun's eclipse,
 Or signs portentous of dissolving worlds,
 Such as men might suppose would usher in
 The wreck of Nature, and the day of doom,
 Have rung the peal of judgment o'er the soul.
 Then might you see the strong man armed, o'er
 mastered,
 Thought paralyzed, all business suspended,
 The ordinary tides of feeling turned,
 Men shivering and pale with expectation,
 Unrighteous and ill-gotten gains relinquished,
 As midnight robbers drop their hasty spoil,
 At rattle heard, or sight of sudden justice.

Then might you know what pale uncovered cowards
Sin makes of men before the King of Terrors,
Whose form intrusive summons them to God.
Then might you see the infidel in prayer,
And mocking scoffers trembling on their knees ;
Men's failing hearts, and faces gathering blackness ;
Astonishment, anxiety, dismay,
Swaying the streets ; some dead of sudden fright,
And some insane ; such overwhelming terror
Attends eternal, long-neglected truths,
When suddenly they peer upon the sight,
With proof of scorn'd or disregarded judgment,
Just bursting o'er a guilty, dreaming world.
Conscience, loud thundering with her muffled drum,
Beats down the strongest giant in despair.
Oh, then what would the guilty votaries give,
Of pleasure, passion, vanity, and power,
For but one day's reprieve from meeting God !
The idlers of a gay, luxurious world,
When Death confronts them, in a moment fall,
O'erwhelmed, and utterly consumed with terrors.

Yet might they meet him as their kindest friend,
Heaven shining through the skeleton grim form,
As through the window bars of gloomy prison,
The sunset blazes, or the opening morn.
Might meet him as a messenger angelic,
Robed with celestial light, and radiant winged,

To take them gently by the hand, and lead
 Through a dark gate, to realms of endless day.
 Might welcome him with joy, at the sweet word
 Of Love Divine, that calls the children home,
 Here for a season disciplined at school.
Might welcome him in Christ ! But ah, the guilt !
 Sorrow, and madness, and self-wrought despair,
 In moody, resolute, grim unbelief,
 Or heedless ignorance, rejecting, blind,
 The only refuge of sin-ruined souls !

Oh, would they but consider, and be wise,
 In busy, glaring day, amidst life's cares,
 With half the wisdom that the Night of Death
 Impresses on the soul, one hour so given,
 Were worth whole ages ! Then the blinding mists
 Of earthly scenes and passions pass away,
 And the soul sees disclosed, in heaven or hell,
 Its own worth infinite, reflected clear ;
 Whether the glory of *that* state reveal
 The priceless bliss of endless love possessed,
 Or misery of *this*, apply the guage,
 In demonstration of the death of sin,
 Eternal, unendurable, endured.
 Nor tongue can tell the rapture of the weal,
 Nor thought conceive the measure of the wo ;
 A world, a universe, inadequate,
 To pay the price of but one ruined soul.

B O O K V.

MILLENIAL MARCH OF PROVIDENCE
AND NATURE.

ARGUMENT.

Autumnal voices of nature.—Retreat of the sap to the roots.—Hiding of our life in Christ.—Glory of the unseen and eternal.—Change in the phenomena of the Season.—The Aurora Borealis.—Philosophy of physical geography for the discipline of nations.—Influence of climate upon man.—The millennial march of nature.—A nation's mission for a world.—Only a Sabbath keeping nation employed of God to bless mankind.—The coming consummation.—Its nearness and its grandeur.—Converging trains of providence and grace.—Our own vast responsibility.

B O O K V .

NOVEMBER's skies are lowering, and the sun
With hasty course runs down the shortening year.
The few bright days of Autumn yet remaining
Flit shadow-like, and softly vanishing,
Like the white sails by moonlight, motionless,
Noiselessly gliding o'er a quiet sea ;
Or as the transitory images
Of half-remembered, but delightful dreams.
The clouds assume a drear monotony,
In cumbrous gloomy fold, and leaden hue,
Of drizzling sleet, or snowy blasts prophetic.

The woods display a net-work, misty, dim,
Of naked trunks, and branches with bare sprays.
Now turns the vital sap instinctive down,
Retreating to the roots, where, deep enclosed,
In the warm earth, it waits another spring.
By mute, unreasoning, vegetable forms
The Winter's desolate rage is safely borne,
With life's quick current hidden at its source,
For timely shelter. 'Tis a warning note ;
Rightly interpreted, the voice divine.

Of Nature's gospel to the passing soul,
Whose root must be in Christ, our life in death,
Our hiding place, our refuge from the storm.
Safe nestled, as an infant in the cradle,
Or folded in its mother's careful arms,
His dying love and endless living power
Sustain and shelter those who trust in Him.
Our leaves must fall ; 'tis the primeval curse ;
Dust unto dust, perpetual fruit of sin ;
Earth of the earth, inheritance from Adam,
Earth to the earth, where Adam's ashes lie.
The spirit quits its tent, our earthly house,
Worn out and broken, all its covering torn,
Its beams dismantled, severed, and decayed.
Like the field blossoms, nipped with killing frosts,
Or swept with heedless unrelenting scythe,
Low lies the glory of our mortal frame.
Our leaves must fall, as in the Autumnal blast,
And all that in us pleased the eye be laid,
As the grass withereth, to a mouldering grave.

But Christ still lives, and the life hid with him
Shall be revealed by him in other Worlds.
The sap retreating to its living Root
Abides unhurt the Winter of the tomb.
Death's but a dream, a gently breathing trance,
From which the sleeping saint awakes in Christ.
Absorbed in Him, it is not death to die,
But an invisible retreat of life

Within the veil, till that be raised in light,
 Eternal, deathless, infinite, divine.
 A star is veiled, a golden lamp withdrawn,
 Dead to the eye, withdrawn from mortal sight,
 To reappear, when he appears in glory.

Rooted in Christ, and hid with him in God,
 What wonder that his heirs should be unknown,
 Themselves as yet unconscious of their joy,
 And to themselves a riddle quite unsolved.
 Rooted in Christ, partakers of his life !
 Transcendent mystery of Almighty grace,
 But folly to a sensual, senseless world,
 Blinded by Satan with such dreadful art,
 That light seems darkness, and the darkness light.
 The present hides the future, and betrays,
 And Time shuts out th' Eternal and Unseen.
 UNSEEN, ETERNAL ! Talismanic words !
 The vail before Infinitude, the seals
 Of all true glory, hidden to be known.
 Who sees, when God, with all his glorious train,
 Enters the soul, and makes it his abode ?
 Unseen his sacred discipline of love,
 Educing good from evil, and the steps
 By which he bring his wanderers to their home.
 First in his image moulded and renewed.
 The Saviour's advent, with his retinue
 Stupendous, who beholds ? Or when he calls
 Th' affections from the icy grasp of death,

And bids the soul cast off its gloomy shroud,
And see its new Creator, who redeems,
And binds in sweet subjection every power,
Heart, mind, imagination, to his love ?
Who sees the Spirit, when he sheds abroad
Within the heart the deep ecstatic peace,
And sense regenerate, of immortal life ?
Unseen such presences, august and grand,
Unseen the ministers of Providence,
Unseen the secret elemental force,
And endless play of Nature's Chemistry,
Unseen the motions of those planet worlds,
The circles of whose rapid wheeling fires,
Too mighty, swift, and distant to be marked,
Appear forever silent, motionless.
Unseen th' angelic cohorts, as bright flames,
Or starry messengers, with lightning wings.
Unseen the City of our God, the train,
Innumerable, of angels and of saints,
The just made perfect, and the elder powers,
And gazing principalities of heaven ;
Unseen the martyr'd followers of the Lamb,
And he who gathers them around his throne,
And puts their crowns upon them, robed in white.
Unseen the forms within the Gates of Death,
And whence the creeping Shadow issues forth,
That sits upon the nations. What we know,
Is that th' unknown is infinite, and Time
But the small guomon of Eternity.

How sacred and entrancing in its scope
The vision and the hidden life of Faith !
How poor, how low, dark, and contemptible,
Severed from that, the light and life of sense !
They die, who seem to live, they live who die.
Day hides the universe, that Night reveals.
Life is a veil, that Death but draws away,
And lets the soul behold the Eternal scene.

Sad is the year's farewell of Summer skies,
But nature still in all her moods is lovely,
And other glories fill the changing scene.
Wide o'er the heavens, and sometimes all night
 long,
In fitful flashes of magnetic play,
The Northern Borealis sweeps the sky.
What lovely mazes of the softest light,
In lambent, flowing tresses, and bright waves !
What coronals of cloud-like changing fires,
Up sweeping from the whole horizon round,
With tremulous, glittering motion, to the point
Of culminating glory ! There, the scene
Breaks into floating fragments, or dissolves,
Like dim-remembered glimpses of bright dreams,
Or wings of thousand angels in full flight,
Across our sphere, revealed twixt earth and heaven.
Over the firmament a fleecy sea,
In golden waves, foam-crested, lightly rolls ;
Or as if angels swept the ethereal floor,

Furrows of starry dust collected lie,
Drawn out with softest aureate shining fringe.
Pencils of trembling flame, with silver rays
In waving tangles course the sparkling air.
Transparent clouds, evolved in depths of space,
Rush rapidly, through which the stars, soft-veiled,
Appear and disappear, as in a trance,
Or shine with misty radiance nebulous.
Cloud-light, and stars, and deepest azure mixt,
With ceaseless change, now drawn and folded close,
And now unfolding, with wide flash serene,
As lightning flame of mild artillery,
Silent, but shooting far in vivid shafts,
Electric, sudden, then again withdrawn,
Then flashing high, with streams of wildering blaze,
As if a thousand flaming comets winged
From unknown space at once their swift career.

And now the Northern quadrature of heaven
Appears a vastitude of gloom, as when,
In bosom of thick-rolling thunder clouds,
The powers of storm ingather for the charge,
As yet withheld, collected and intense.
Then suddenly again up stream the shafts
Of shooting rays electric, and the cloud
Burns brightly, as the ocean in a blaze,
Or distant icy mountain tops on fire.
Ye powers of electricity and light !
What beaming glory in your wondrous play,

Sublime, intense, swift, varied, exquisite !
What joy, what fire, what ecstasy of life,
To show the dwellers in this mortal frame
Some glimpses of the pure celestial ray,
Forth issuing from the opening walls of light,
That skirt accessible infinitude.
A hand divine directs your mazy dance,
Arranges your magnificent array,
Appoints your seasons, and provides your robes.
Bright hieroglyphics of the Spirit world,
Are ye not set your annual rosy race,
To make us ask, if here on earth so bright,
Creation's splendors from the hand of God,
What must the glory be, revealed in heaven !

Father of mercies, take away the veil,
And make us feel thy presence in thy works !
Might every view vouchsafed of such divine
Intelligence and loveliness, in forms
Material of this natural teaching world,
Lead on my soul to him who hung these spheres,
Opened their fountains, and diffused their beams,
That Nature, so endowed, might discipline,
Instruct, awake, enrich, and help to raise
Her foster-child, the soul of man, to heaven !
What growth in grace might spring from Nature's
lines
Thus pondered by believing prayerful hearts !
Oh might I, with the habit all reversed,

Of blindness, and restored to blissful sight
And sense of God in all things, constant hail
My Father's present glory, whose soft hand
Draws still around the place of mine abode
The curtain of his own unceasing care,
And daily loving kindness ! May I read
In every cloud a lesson of his grace,
In every flower a heartfelt word of joy,
In every opening dawn and setting sun,
A light still farther on my way to heaven,
In every quiet moon and trembling star,
A ministry of his redeeming love !
Why should I *not* in all things know the grace,
That made them, and sustains them for my good ?
Oh Thou, who teachest all, that ever learn
One thought aright, one gleam of living truth,
I would be taught of Thee, to Thee I pray,
And earnest importune thy sacred gift,
That soul-illuminating Light of Life !

And thou hast said, the soul that followeth thee
In darkness shall not walk, but ceaseless know
This precious Living Light, whether the path
Appointed by thy providential care
Shine with it, as the path of thine abode,
Or deep within, a blissful *sense* of light
Irradiate all the mind, at peace with God,
Though the external universe were gloom.
But oh how fair shines this bright breathing world,

When Jesus shines within, and God in Christ
Reveals the earnest of his love divine,
In which the soul reposes, and in whom,
Unseen, yet loved, the happy heart rejoices,
With joy unspeakable and full of glory !
Him the soul sees in all things ;—bright and fair,
Because He made them ;—e'en the withered leaf
Or stubble blown before the driving wind,
Companions dear, because they speak of Him !
For not a shred of matter, nor pale flower,
Touched by the finger of his glorious Power,
Nor careless shrub, nor rudest plant despised,
Nor shape nor hue, of substance organized,
Inanimate or living, but shall bear
The impress of his glory, till the word
Annihilate, that called it into being.

From Zone to Zone, and in the rising round
Of airy elevation by degrees
Narrowing in space, the nearer brought to heaven,
What various grades of vegetation mark
The sun's dominion changing, and the spheres
Of every varying vapor, dew, and rain.
By grand and general laws their empire gauged,
Prepares a various discipline for man,
A mould for different nations, prearranged,
In destiny successive, State by State,
Of such appointed spirit, shape, and life,
As best fulfil God's purpose for mankind.

The form and full development may wait
The figure of a continent, or range
Of lofty mountains, or an inland sea ;
These fixtures in the silent globe controlling
The manner, mind, and life of many a race.
For so the faculties of men are ruled,
Specific national intelligence
Not seldom in a high degree controlled,
In mode, direction, character, and strength,
By causes physical, of form and space.
The laws of social and domestic life,
Of sentiment, imagination, art,
Native spontaneous feeling, manner, thought,
And idiomatic habit of expression,
Change with the changing elements, and take
Gradual impression, plastic, from their style.
'Tis not the dream of wild Astrology,
Consulting with imaginary powers
Of figure, combination, starry dance,
And magic, supernatural influence,
But question both of character and life,
And solemn destiny, beneath what sky,
Under what sun, begirt by what domains,
Of landscape and of climate, man is born.
Whether the earth and atmosphere be filled
With bland and temperate airs, or moist and dry,
Or hot with desert winds, or sharp with frosts ;
The gentle seasons balanced, and the months
With equable variety diffused,

Of storm and sunshine, or the whole year's rain
Into one fortnight crowded, when the clouds
Pour down a deluge on the thirsty earth,
Unsatisfied, that drinks the falling sky.
Then with what magic, joyful, swift career
The face of nature changes, from the extreme
Of parching fever, burning all the land,
And withering every blade, dry as the dust,
With which the universal air is filled,
To a luxuriant verdure, springing fresh,
As by enchantment, from the moistened ground.

Before, as from a furnace poured, the wind,
Dry, hot, and fierce, with blasting fervor raged ;
Or deadly sultry heats oppressive brooded,
In pestilential, silent, awful calm,
Beneath a changeless, clondless, glaring sky,
From which the sun shot his devouring blaze.
Now the solstitial rain beneficent,
Wide-showering, with prolific energy,
Revives, and new-creates the dying year.
Deep, full, and tranquil flow the rising streams ;
The pure, delicious air breathes balmy, soft,
Filled with new fragrant life ; the varied sky,
With fleecy clouds voluminous arrayed,
By healthful breezes borne, tempering the flood
Of blazing radiance with refreshing shade,
Pervades the lovely landscape with delight.

But other climes, by gradual change and powers
Slow working, and with human labor taught,
And art inventive taxed, produce their growth,
To long perfection brought by various fruit
Of genial soils ingrafted and combined.
Such schooling the necessities of man
Bring to his better nature, and awake,
By earthly toil, the soul designed for heaven.
Where nature sows her seed, and harvests spring
Spontaneous, man remains spontaneous too,
In unenquiring and inactive ease,
With powers capacious, idle, unimproved,
His mind a fallow-field, o'ergrown with thorns.
But where the scant supplies of temperate zones,
Not so penurious as to dwarf the mind,
Awake the energies intelligent,
Kindly soliciting the active powers,
Inquisitive, inventing, and comparing,
There Man assumes the mastery over Nature,
And binds creation to his own control.
Hence, in the various fair abodes of man,
The cradles of his childhood,—manifold
The forming powers exerted on his frame,
Breathing within the soul their influence,
And manifold his high development.
The bold configurations of the globe
Prefigure and determine its degree,
And in the disposition and detail
Of elements arranged, air, earth, and sea,

We trace the plan of the Great Architect,
For different races of one family,
In far successive ages gradual reared.
Age sends a rich inheritance to Age,
Epoch to Epoch, State to Nation down,
Not e'en decay or ruin lost on earth,
But husbanded of God for mightier good,
If men will take the lesson. Onward roll
The vast, increasing, civilizing powers,
Handed from race to race, by rivers, lakes,
Coasts, mountain ridges, seas, peninsulas,
Or inland plains, and vales and circuits round,
Confined, directed, intermingled all,
With Science, Art, Religious Polity,
Freedom, experience, knowledge, and the mind,
Taught to look upward for terrestrial light.
So marches forth the grand progressive sweep
Of providential causes, vast and high,
Beyond command or reach of mortal thought,
Yet all converging for one glorious end,
Directed by the Hand that grasps the reins,
Laid seeming loose upon conflicting kingdoms,
And congregated multitudes of men,
Chaotic swayed, and waving to and fro,
Like stormy seas tumultuous, yet impelled,
Or hindered at the motion of His Power,
Who guides, controls, restrains, and orders all,
For the good pleasure of his own great will.

So range the trains of Progress to and fro,
With proud and vast discoveries and inventions,
Girdling the globe with lines of living flame,
Shot upward here and there from mountain-tops,
Earth's radiant beacons of humanity.
So runs the appointed destiny of man,
Under His care, who died for our redemption ;
All causes, in all kingdoms, under law,
To Him who sees the end from the beginning.
Perhaps the consummating crown is near,
The race upbuilding or prepared, on whom
God will bestow the harvest work of powers,
Deep ripening through long ages. Century plants
Break sudden into flower, but all the growth
Is for the gorgeous blossom ; and the work
Of universal mercy, truth, and grace,
Through slow revolving eras running on,
Comes rapid to its manifested glory.
The wondrous gifts bestowed on such a race,
Developed, geographical, of earth,
As well as brought celestial down from heaven,
And in the Church enshrined for heavenly use ;
The Spirit's ministration of the Word ;
The mighty vantage-ground, the liberty ;
Points of command, highways of earth and sea,
Regal domains and capabilities,
Concentred in one nation o'er the rest,
Mark out its grand commission, and assert
Its vast responsibility, the charge,

August, beneficent, unparalleled,
For man's illumination, far and wide.

Then shall the just begin their glorious reign.
Blest in all regions with the gospel's blaze,
And its benign provisions poured abroad,
To desert and neglected multitudes,
Earth shall resemble heaven. From God to man,
The Holy City shall come down prepared,
As for her husband a fair Bride adorned.
All things shall be renewed. The social state,
From selfishness redeemed, avarice and hate,
And the great law of Love obeyed supreme,
Shall like a Temple rise magnificent,
Lighted with life divine; and in that light
Whole nations saved shall walk, and grateful kings
Shall bring their glory to its honored gates,
That never shall be shut, nor night nor day
Defilement fear, nor tramp of enemy,
Nor aught of evil or unrighteousness;
Where God the glory is, and the blest Lamb
Beams from his presence everlasting joy!

Where is the nation for such wondrous praise?
What kingdom, on a mission so sublime,
Shall raise the weak, bid the oppressed go free,
Shall judge the poor in righteousness, and break
His fetters from the slave, and in the name
Of Him, in whom the Family of Man

Make but one Brotherhood of Love, proclaim
This Day of Thousand Years begun on earth,
This reign Celestial of the Prince of Peace !
Oh for the heart to take this trust divine !
Oh for the plain acknowledged evidence
To the whole world, what country God has marked
For such a vast inheritance of grace !
The hand of Time, the roll of Ages past,
Perhaps some page in Prophecy, points down
Where all the shafts of Orient light converge,
To the great Empire in this Western World.

I hear a voice from frowning watchful Powers,
Physician, heal thyself ! From thine own skirts
Clear off the accusing blood, and at thy door,
Feed thine own hungry, clothe thy shivering poor.
Undo the heavy burthens, break each yoke,
Judge righteous judgment, bid oppression cease ;
No more dishonor and distrust your God,
Who gave you all the freedom you enjoy,
By wide proclaiming to th' astonished world
Your safe existence based on stronger fetters,
More firmly clamped upon the wretched bondman ;
Your slave States holding him upon the forge,
Your free States, like apprenticed brawny smiths,
Binding themselves, with stern alacrity,
And hammers strong, to strike the horrid blows.
No more beneath high heaven repeat the lie,
That your sole hope of a united strength

Lies in an acquiescent silent heart,
And muffled conscience, quietly to bear,
And active merchant hands, eager to help,
The execution of unrighteous law,
New framed and sharpened for the accursed work
Of thrusting merciless the wretch escaped,
Back to the hell of endless slavery !
Open your laws to the great watchful eye
Of Heaven's impartial justice, and amend
Your wrongful statutes by th' unerring heart,
Under God's light, in his all-searching Word,
Of a regenerate humanity.
So God can bless you, and employ your strength,
When your own purposes and movements run
Accordant with the motions of his grace.
'Tis thus alone your wide-increasing power,
And rushing congregated multitudes,
Can raise and bless a prostrate groaning world.

Keep ye the Sabbath of your Pilgrim sires !
They moored their ship, under the driving storm,
To spend with prayer and praise, all work abjured,
The first New England Sabbath. Hallowed so,
The very sea is consecrate to God !
And the soil pledged in honor of his name,
Saered with Sabbath stillness and repose,
For worship universal undisturbed !
Yet Mammon drives his engines on that day,
And greedy Avarice rolls his iron ears,

That thunder past the churches with their din,
Their smoke, temptation, torment, revelry.
The curse of God is there. Shall Christian men
Enter the stock of such defying crime
Within the schedule of their rising gains,
And think God will not blast it? With one hand
Signing a corporate promise to the State,
To break the Sabbath at its will expressed,
Running its mails in resolute fiery haste,
And with the other offering premiums
For the best tract, most strongly setting forth
The obligations of the Day of God!
And princely merchants, pillars of the Church,
And of th' Exchange the demigods, look grave,
Anxious to compromise the weighty knot
'Twixt God and Mammon, with sage voice pronouncing

The matter not so easy to be settled,
As it might seem at first, there being two sides
To such a tangled question, and the point
And view commercial not to be denied.
True, for one man to run a Car for gain,
Over ten hundred thousand roods of space,
Through quiet farms and rural villages,
The sacred Sabbath stillness breaking up,
Into the heart of cities thundering,
Would be defiance of the Living God,
Not to be borne a moment; but the State,
In corporate capacity, may make

Godliness out of gain, the deed requiring,
And in the charter by a dash may turn
Crime personal to holiness collective ;
The act that's branded, questionless and plain,
In any one or two men, barefaced sin,
Straightway becoming, by the Seal of State,
And for great princely merchants corporate,
And for the swifter flight of the State's Mail,
Absolute Righteousness, to God a gift
Well pleasing, and with grateful incense fraught !

Oh Mammon ! how omnipotent thy trains
Of arguing blindness, in this fallen world !
Hath God sent strong delusion to believe
A lie, that conscience can be so perverted,
Hoodwinked and seared, in thoughtful human
hearts ?

Oh self-complacent sophistry of gain,
Than Ephraim's more inglorious and accurst !
A Merchant : of deceit the balances
Are in his hand : he loveth to oppress.
Yet am I rich, substantial, and my wealth
Turns back the charge of evil ; for in all
My gainful labors, such iniquity
Cannot be found as might amount to sin.
Thou smitten, heartless, lying, rotten saint !
Sayst thou the State doth sanction it ? When God
Shall bring thee into judgment, will the State
Bear witness for thee, thou that strikest hands

In such notorious bargain, and assume
The guilt by which thou hast received thy gain ?
The gold is cankered in such coffers dropped,
Gangrened with a remorseless, vengeful rust,
Eating the heart as fire. Go to and howl
The miseries that must come, if ye persist
Heaping up treasure for the day of Doom.
Your riches are plague-stricken and corrupted,
And every ill-got farthing hath a curse,
Linked with it, lasting as Eternity !
For who can try the heart, but God alone ?
And who that has gone on in guilt unseen,
In secret, fraudulent, profitable sins,
Can search them to the bottom, or throw off
Th' enormous cargo, covering in his hold,
Deep, hidden, unrepented, motives vile,
And acts of fraud, crying for restitution,
Perhaps impossible ; the guilt so long
Committed, and the evil so entangled,
Its victims passed into another world,
As witnesses beforehand of the sin !

Teach me, Oh God, and try my guilty ways,
And lead to deep repentance for them all !
And search this heart, before its record pass,
Unchangeable, to an eternal state !
Lord God of mercy ! Save me from despair !
Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins,
Cleanse me from secret faults, and in the blood

Of thy dear Son wash out my guilty stains,
To be removed and cancelled only there !

Keep ye the Sabbath of your fathers' God !
Keep ye the Sabbath, and it shall keep you !
Your strangers shall be made your own fair sons,
By its all-hallowing influence. They shall come,
And in the fear of Him who shieldeth you,
Enter the temple of your liberties ;
And they who stand alone, all ties cut loose,
Of kindred, family, ancestral soil,
Shall have within these everlasting walls,
In the great Covenant of the Living God,
A place and name better than that of sons.
The outcasts shall be gathered from all climes,
To wonder, and admire, and reverence
The glory of a Sabbath-keeping world !
No more dishonored, but obeyed and loved,
Our God shall bless the strangers with his name,
And to his holy mountain bring their sons,
And make them joyful in his House of Prayer ;
Its sacred roof the Sabbath, and its Altar,
All people's worshipping and loving hearts !

Keep ye the Sabbath of your fathers' God !
And on the great high places of the earth,
Over the heads of all thine enemies,
Girt with the mountains of Eternal Truth,
Thine Ark of Freedom safe and strong shall ride,

Though the whole earth were deluged, and the
roar

Of mountain seas beat furious at thy gates.
The noise of waves, the tumult of the people,
He stills for thee, whose covenant thou shalt keep ;
And from the West, and from the rising Sun,
The glory of the Lord, beheld and feared,
O'er thee a cloud by day, a flame by night,
Shall keep thee, and the Spirit of the Lord
Lift up thy standard, when the enemy
Pours like a rising flood. But God is there !
His covenant is with thee, if thou keep
The Sabbath from polluting it, and raise
Thy poor, oppressed, and wretched, with its light,
To grace and liberty, and heavenly joy.
His covenant is with thee, of such love,
That never from thy heart his Holy Spirit,
Nor from thy lips his sacred living Word,
Nor from thy seed, nor from thy children's children,
Shall be withdrawn forever ! Yea, Amen !
Even so Father, let thy Kingdom come !

Yea, shall it come ! The promised hour delays,
Only for greater brightness, and the wave
Retreating, shall but gather mightier strength,
For a far onward movement. Every phase
Society puts on ; each revolution,
All vast experiments in error, sin,
Oppression, Slavery, and dark misrule ;

Nimrods, Napoleons, cities in a blaze,
And kingdoms desolate with dreadful battles ;
The fallow ground of nations broken up,
And furrowed with the ploughshare of grim War ;
Social and corporate infidelity,
And atheism with his ragged snakes
Twisting and tangling in the hollow skulls
And skeletons of dead philosophy ;
All powers of earth and hell combined to make
A paradise in sin, to save the State
Of fallen man from ruin wrought by sin ;
All scientific dignified salvations,
And reconstructions of society,
On boasted plans, God's sovereign grace excluding ;
All elements of human art exhausted,
All wisdom's panaceas tried in vain,—
Only clear off the field for God to march
The armies of salvation ! He shall sweep
The chariots of his Power, full scope allowed,
Over the wide, chaotic, ruinous mass,
Reducing all, by Grace Divine, to laws
Of life, light, harmony. All things in time
Bear on the Mighty Era, building up
The highway of Redemption for His praise.

Alas ! the crazy and fantastic world
Is weary only of its endless woes,
But not of its physicians ; flattered, fleeced,
And wasted by their falsehoods, who have drawn

The life-blood from their patient, and produced
Nought but despair and madness. Yet they seek
To peeping, muttering wizards, and commend
Their hopeless living to the helpless dead,
Still with familiar spirits passing through
The light and food abundant of God's Word,
Hardly bestead and hungry, fretted sore,
With anguish, darkness, and self-cursing pride.
The bed is shorter than their wearied limbs ;
The cloak too narrow for their laboring frame.
Is more experience needed ? Every hope
Exhausted, each specific tried in vain,
Let but the hem of Jesus' robe be touched,
And life and health shall follow. But if men
Must still devise new nostrums, heaven can wait,
Till human nature, to the bottom plunged,
Has solved the lowest problem of its woe,
Swallowed the last-invented medicine,
And proved the misery of human guilt,
Hopeless of mitigation or of cure,
But by the conquest of Almighty grace.
As the dead bodies of vile criminals
Are for dissection given, so God permits
Self-willed and worthless States, luxurious, base,
Despotic, godless, infidel, and proud,
Good only for such dire experiments,
To demonstrate, vicarious, by their own
Convulsive struggles and protracted death,

The multitude and hell of cherished sins,
That bring earth's empires to untimely graves !
At length the suffering, dying nations cry,
God only can redeem ! His rod is just,
And as the clay marred in the potter's hand,
We lie at his disposal, self-destroyed.

Blest be the love that works remedial good,
From sin itself ; chastising to reclaim !
Thus God prepares his way. Heaven shall disclose
Her armies robed in white, and at their head
He that is True and Faithful, with the name
That no man knows worn on his mighty brow.
With eyes of flaming fire, and many crowns,
And vesture dipped in blood, and the sharp sword,
With which he smites the nations from his lips,
The conquering King of kings, and Lord of lords !
His final bidding, enemies and friends
Shall execute, unwilling or agreed,
All creatures and events bound in the train
Of causes that draw on, as servitors,
The consummation of the glorious plan.
All that has risen and gone in ages past,
The world-wide empires into fragments hurled,
The strife of truth, the struggling unto death
Of martyrs conquering by the Word of Christ,
The long development and impious reign
Of him that in the Temple sat as God,
To fall as Dagon at the threshold maimed,

When the Ark entered ;—all that passes now,
The overthrow of hierarchies proud,
And casting down of vast imaginations,
And false and formal churches ; the return
And raging, for a season, of the pride,
The gorgeous glitter and parade of Rome ;
Her brazen fiery bigotry and lies,
Idolatries, and Jesuit wiles, and all
Abominations of the Man of Sin ;
Are but the preparations for God's will,
Vast, final, universal. Swiftly pours
The tide of Time towards this eternal goal.
Soon shall be sung the triumph, all complete,
In riches manifold of Sovereign Power,
With mercy infinite and love divine,
Wrought out by patience from the very guilt,
Rebellion, obstinacy, and wrath of man,
Compelled to praise the glory of such grace !

Seems this fair consummation distant, long,
Often delayed, and tedious in its coming ?
The ocean, with its rushing waves sublime
Coursing the moon, rebukes our unbelief.
Look forth and watch the beach, where the bright
wave

Seems playing at your feet, irresolute,
So changeful fluctuating to and fro,
Now running up, the little sand-birds chasing,

And now retreating, that you cannot tell
 Whether the tide is refluxent or rising;
 Stand still and wait; you have not long to doubt:
 A sudden sea surrounds you, where your tread
 At first was dry and firm. Another wave
 In the glad race rolls past you, and the place
 Is covered with the ocean; deep and wide.
 The white ribb'd sands are buried, and the rocks
 Netted with clustering sea-weed, disappear,
 And every rock and hollow in the coast,
 Each jagged indentation in its curves,
 And the broad creeks, that inland meet the streams,
 Are filled and flooded with the joyous rush,
 The sport, the strife, the revelry of waters.
 So shall the power of grace divine and love
 Work onward, till the knowledge of our God
 In glory fill the earth, even as the seas
 Cover their destined channels round the globe.

And thou, my Country, with the heritage
 Of Truth and Liberty Divine, received
 Fair from the Pilgrim Fathers, wilt thou take
 The post of glory, where thy God invites,
 And points thy mission for a waiting world?
 So shalt thou save thyself, and those who wait,
 And wondering empires shall bow down in awe,
 Before the glory of thy ministry,
 God's chosen priesthood, to the earth redeemed!
 In the beginning, small, despised, cast out,

A Vine deserted by a haughty race,
The wild boar from the woods did waste its
 boughs,
That shot luxuriant to the utmost sea,
Till it grew great, throwing its mighty shade,
With hanging fruits, over a longing world.
So God makes bare his arm, and in his church
Reveals his glory to the admiring gaze
Of principalities and powers in heaven,
Through the redemption of mankind on earth,
Wrought out by interventions so divine.

Oh thou afflicted, tempest-tossed and driven,
Thy God hath called thee from the dust of death.
Awake, awake, put on thy glorious strength,
Sing forth for joy to Him that girdeth thee,
And clothes with garments beautiful and strange.
In thee and for thee, God makes bare his arm,
In sight of all the nations, and the earth,
Far lighted by the brightness of thy rising,
Sees the salvation of the Living God.
Fair colors shall inlay thy precious stones,
Thy mighty broad foundations shall be set
In living sapphires, and thy windows look
From frames of shining agates, and thy gates,
Solid carbuncles, shall, self-moving, turn
On righteousness and peace. Nor pain, nor wo,
Nor madness, nor oppression, shall come near.
The weapons edged against thee shall be turned ;

The banners waving of thine enemies,
Though like the roar of stormy seas they rush,
Shall trail before thee on the earth, despoiled,
And mourning in subjection. Endless peace
Shall bless thy children, and they shall be taught,
And know the glory of thy Saviour, God.
Such shalt thou be for him, and with thy God,
Victorious and blessed in all time,
If for the world thou by his Word shalt walk ;
A glorious beacon for the gazing nations,
Not lighted for thyself ;—nor at the shrine
Of mercenary profit, with thy wares,
Thine incense offering to the Mammon-god
Of creeping, fearful, base expediency.
Thy name shall be fair Freedom's tower of strength,
Thy glory His, who formed thee for His praise.
Thy sons shall honor thee in every clime,
And all th' oppressed from earth's remotest bounds,
Inspired by thee with courage, shall beat down,
With broken fetters, the Oppressor's throne.













